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ROYAL AND SOCIETY NEWS.

(Exclusive to "Modern Life.")

THE LITTLE TORTOISESHELL BOX AT MOUNT STREET.

Pretty Reminder of Prince Arthur's One Romance.

When Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught started upon their honeymoon they took with them a plan of their new home in Mount Street, and ever since the Royal bride has been engaged in planning where the many beautiful presents the couple received shall be arranged. It is a delightful pastime for most brides, of course, but with such a vast array of lovely things Princess Arthur has been able to indulge in it as few brides are able. As to the numerous silver cigar and cigarette boxes, hunting crops, sporting prints, beer jacks, and so forth, these are Prince Arthur's special prerogative, and they will figure on "his side of the house!" But there is one little item in the galaxy of wedding mementoes which will, one may be certain, figure upon Prince Arthur's study table as long as he lives. No one noticed it at St. James's Palace.

A Present to be Valued.

It is a simple little square box, made of solid silver, with a plain tortoiseshell top. It passed unnoticed amongst the collection of diamond tiaras, equestrian statuettes, the nine-light candelabras, the silver tea and coffee services, and huge oil paintings. But more than all the magnificent vases, dressing cases, clocks, and gold caskets, the little unassuming tortoise-shell box will appeal to Prince Arthur, for it came with "loving wishes" from no other than Lady Irene Denison, the only young unmarried lady of rank who sent the Prince a wedding present!

The Dead Reminders of Happier Days.

There is a tiny key to the box, and when Prince Arthur opened it, it contained; so I hear, the dead petals of the white Yorkist rose which Prince Arthur gave to Lady Irene that memorable day at the York and Ainsty steeplechases. The little box and its simple contents tell their own story. Lady Irene Denison came up from Yorkshire for the Royal wedding, and returned to Londesborough Park as soon as it was over. All is ended, of course; but the little box will have its reminders of happy days for the popular prince as long as he lives. There never was a chance of Prince Arthur's one romance ever ripening beyond friendship, of course. The King would never have consented to it, when every interest of the Royal Family made it essential to provide for keeping the five millions "in the family" and ensuring the highest rank for His Majesty's niece.

No Intention of Forgetting Pretty Lady Irene!

None the less, there is no intention on the part of Prince Arthur that the one tender passion of his life shall be entirely blotted out, and the very first country-house visit which His Royal Highness is to pay now that he has arrived

home, will be to Lady Irene Denison's lovely Yorkshire house, Londesborough Park. The Earl and Countess of Londesborough, who understand the difficulties of the Prince's position, are Prince Arthur's truest friends, and they will be it is certain, be always more deeply attached to His Royal Highness than any other members of the Peerage.

Lady Irene is a pretty girl, and young enough, yet enough, to sympathise with the Prince in his marriage. Princess Arthur will, of course, go with her husband to Londesborough Park; and whatever the secret emotion stirred by the visit, nothing, it may be sure, will be manifested on the surface. The Londesboroughs are able to the Prince first-rate sport, and His Royal Highness is to enjoy himself. Some say that the reason the Prince vaulted upon Lord Plymouth to yield up his family mansion in Mount Street was because of its proximity to the residence in the same thoroughfare of the Londesboroughs.

Up to now there has been no "house warming" in Mount Street, but Queen Alexandra and the Queen of Norway have been round and inspected the young couple's new home, and Prince and Princess Arthur have begun to go to theatres alone. It was curious that the first time Prince Arthur took his wife to see was "The Marriage of Figaro" at Daly's!

Plenty of Time to Get Over it.

With 120,000 acres of wold country, Lord Londesborough can "do the hospitable" as can few members of the Peerage. There is no finer partridge shooting in Britain than that near the Scarborough end of the property. All the Royalties have partaken of the Earl's sporting facilities, while the late King was equally familiar with Mr. Chaplin's old place, Blankney Hall, which also now belongs to Londesborough.

At all his Lordship's places things are done with a grand deal of cheery ceremony. Lord Londesborough bears the title of "Hereditary Vice-Admiral of the Yorkshire Coast," and, in commemoration of the fact, his table at Londesborough Lodge is provided at Christmas-time with a decorative but indigestible ship made of sugar, which, it is scarcely be said, is an object of much fun to the household there.

Lady Londesborough is a tall and handsome woman, with a wealth of soft gold hair, and a skin of lily-like fairness. She is a great horsewoman, and a great patron of hunting in Yorkshire. Lady Irene is her only daughter, but as she is only twenty-three she has plenty of time to get over her *affaire* with Prince Arthur, and a brilliant match may be expected for her.

Not Nice of India.

Anglo-Indians in London were much surprised that the Duke failed to send Prince Arthur a present on the occasion of his wedding. The reason may have been that the Duke has been so often solicited by the influential natives to act out as Viceroy that they have given up hope of his obliging them in that matter. Especially is this so since the Duke took a similar job in Canada. But the fact is, the Connaughts have not the pleasantest of memories of India. Their residence there saw them all nearly at death's door at one time or another. The Duchess had fever very bad, and between Calcutta and Rawal Pindi she had an accident which made it necessary to put her knee into plaster of Paris.

Why the Connaughts Jib at India.

The Duke, of course, commanded the old Bombay Army over twenty years ago. He twisted his leg, while Prince Arthur fell over the bund into the river at Poona, and was nearly drowned. He was little more than a "child in arms" at the time, but he has never forgotten the narrow escape he then had. The Duke's command in Poona was somewhat adversely criticised, too, so it is as well that he has kept out of India ever since. Still, it is considered ungracious of India failed to send Prince Arthur a memento on the occasion of his marriage. Canada, of course, sent the Prince a very handsome present, in the form of a hand-engraved silver dinner-service of Canadian workmanship.

The Pagets' Race for Heirs.

The Marquess of Anglesey and his brother, Lord Victor Paget, are keeping up the family reputation for fecundity. It was only in the autumn of last year that Lord Anglesey married the Duke of Rutland's daughter, the well-known Lady Marjorie Manners, and they had a daughter in the following June. Now Lord Victor, Lord Anglesey's younger brother, is also the father of a little girl by his pretty young wife, the one-time Olive May of the Gaiety, whom he married ten months ago. The Pagets are the most prolific family

There is no probability of the older Paget becoming extinct, and about fifty members of the family (all heirs to one or other of the family honours) have the race for heirs of Lord Anglesey and his brother is a subtle interest.

* * *

Anglesey Stands by His Brother,

pity both the children are girls, but there is plenty to remedy that. Lord Anglesey "played the game" and his brother got wed to a "light of the stage," and Lord Victor a handsome annual allowance, and proximity with Cumberland House, in South Kensington, Lord Victor and his skittish young wife are very happy, the family jars notwithstanding.

As a matter of fact, at present the Anglesey marquessate is likely to die out, unless his Lordship or Lord Victor has a son. It is the senior title, the Earldom of Anglesey, to which so many remote Pagets are heirs. Notwithstanding the inroads which the late Lord Anglesey made in the family fortunes, Lord Anglesey is still one of our richest peers.

* * *

Archduke and the Rajah.

There is one thing about the Court which is always a source of envy to foreign potentates—the reminders of the British Imperial position in the East. Although we know the King is merely as "King," there is never any possibility of any monarchs being allowed to forget that in India His Majesty is Emperor, and therefore far greater in a dynastic sense than any other Prince who may visit him. One way of making this fact upon guests from abroad is the presence of a Hindu figure, clad either in his native robes, or in the uniform of the Indian regiment. Nor was the custom forgotten when the Archduke arrived at Windsor the other day.

At the Archduke's introduction to the Queen and the members of the Household, the King waved his hand to Major Strong, of Hodson's Horse, and the officer brought forth no other than Sir Sardar Singh, Jodhpur's young Rajah, who shook hands with Franz Ferdinand and bowed low. The Maharajah, in the handsome uniform of the Imperial Service, and resplendent in the brilliants of the Star of India conferred upon him in January, 1910. He is a magnificent figure, as are most of the Rajputana princes in their gorgeous blue puggarees and gold lace and

Jealous Sport at Windsor.

The Prince of Wales came up from Oxford to be introduced to the future Austrian Emperor, and already His Royal Highness possesses the acquaintance of nearly all the "crowned heads." The Prince took part in the shooting with the Archduke. Owing to national jealousy, extraordinary precautions were taken against the numbers of the "bags" leaking out. Franz Ferdinand is a very good shot, and it would never do for the Austrians to have it frankly admitted that he had been beaten in the coverts by the King. As the King and Archduke shot side by side, there could be no help for His Majesty licking the Archduke with the guns unless he deliberately refused to shoot straight, which would soon have been obvious to the Archduke, and thus have rendered both sportsmen somewhat ridiculous. So nothing has been allowed to leak out as to the figures of the game shot, and all the lodge-keepers and servants were warned to be extremely careful what they said about the sport of the week. Which, after all, is as well.

* * *

Keeping the Norwegian Sovereigns Out of the Way.

It is wonderful the care that has to be taken so as not in any way to offend a guest at Windsor when he is heir to a crown. No one must meet the Archduke who is of higher rank, except our own King and Queen; consequently the King and Queen of Norway have been "kept out of the way." No lady could be allowed at Windsor who might be of a rank which gave her the *pas* of the Archduke's wife. The only Duchess not of the Royal family allowed there has been Her Grace of Roxburghe—her first visit to Windsor since she presented her Duke with a son and heir after a wait of ten years. The Duchess of Roxburghe is, of course, an American, and a very modest person (for a Yankee!); so the Duchess of Hohenberg had nothing to fear from her. The Duchess of Norfolk, who was invited to Windsor for the Archduke's visit, preferred to stay away. So did the Duke.

The King and Queen of Norway were sent off to Welbeck Abbey to stay with the Portlands while the Archduke and his wife were in London; while Franz Ferdinand was at Windsor their Norwegian Majesties have been theatre-going in town; and when the Archduke went to Welbeck the King and Queen of Norway retired to Sandringham! It's very funny, but no one must have precedence of the Royal guest except his host, King George! A morganatic wife is a phenomenon at Windsor. The only lady in that position who has been countenanced there during the last three reigns is the Countess Torby, the wife of the popular Russian Grand



He: "And will you be engaged to me for good?"

She: "It certainly looks like it. I don't think you'll ever be in a position to marry me!"



Boy (just home from school): "I'm going to get my third team colours next term, mother."
 Mother: "Oh, that's splendid, but you must not think football is everything in life, John."
 Boy: "Oh, no, mother!" But I'm afraid I'll never be any good at cricket."

Duke Michael, but as her husband is never likely to be Tsar in Russia, there are no difficulties in Countess Torby's position.

With the Duchess of Hohenberg it is different, but, thanks to the extreme tact of King George and Queen Mary, no trouble has been experienced, and the visit to Windsor has passed off without a hitch. The last morganatic wife of an English prince, Mrs. FitzGeorge, the wife of the late Duke of Cambridge, was never once at Windsor in her life. Times have changed for the FitzGeorges now that the Duke of Cambridge's niece is on the throne, and when the first child of another generation of FitzGeorges was christened the other day, it was in the Chapel Royal, with Queen Mary as god-mother. Which does Her Majesty infinite credit.

A Prize for the Match-Makers.

A coming of age of unusual importance occurs on Tuesday of this week, when Viscount Clive, elder son and heir of the Earl of Powis, is twenty-one. Lord Clive is a great-great-grandson of the famous Lord Clive who laid the foundations by his victory at Plassey of the Indian Empire, and not only is he heir to the family honours and great estates on the Welsh border, but also to his mother's ancient barony of Darcy de Knayth, Lady Powis being a peeress in her own right. The Earls of Powis are now Herbert, though they should be Clive. The great Indian soldier's grandson abandoned the family name for that of his mother, sister of the last Herbert Earl of Powis, of an extinct creation. The family seat is Powis Castle, Welshpool, purchased by the Herberts in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and a splendid place, built of red sandstone, and occupying a position on an eminence where stood a fortress in the twelfth century.

Lord and Lady Powis's marriage was something of a romance. When the then Mr. George Herbert married the beautiful Miss Violet Lane-Fox, younger daughter of the late Lord Conyers, he had little more than good looks and great expectations. The future in fact did not look particularly rosy, for though Mr. Herbert was next heir to the Earldom of Powis his uncle, the late Earl, had power to dispose as he liked of the greater part of his big fortune. But things turned out well. In less than a year he succeeded to the earldom and to the bulk of his relative's wealth. Lady Powis is very attractive, fair, with golden hair, and blue eyes, and a great contrast to her sister, the Countess of Yarborough, who is dark. Lady Yarborough, by the way, is also a peeress in her own right, being Baroness Fauconberg and Conyers, though these titles, and that of Lady Powis, are lost in the higher honours of their respective husbands.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

Owing to a growing practice among alleged artists of copying drawings which have appeared in this journal, we find it necessary to state that—with the exception of pictures which may appear on our page of contemporary humour, the source of which is always acknowledged—all the illustrations in *Modern Life* are original and drawn specially for this paper. Copyists who persist in transgressing the laws of copyright do so at their peril. The originals of sketches which have appeared in these pages are for sale. Prices on application to the Editor.

PLAIN SPEAKING.

The Roads for the Motor-Car.

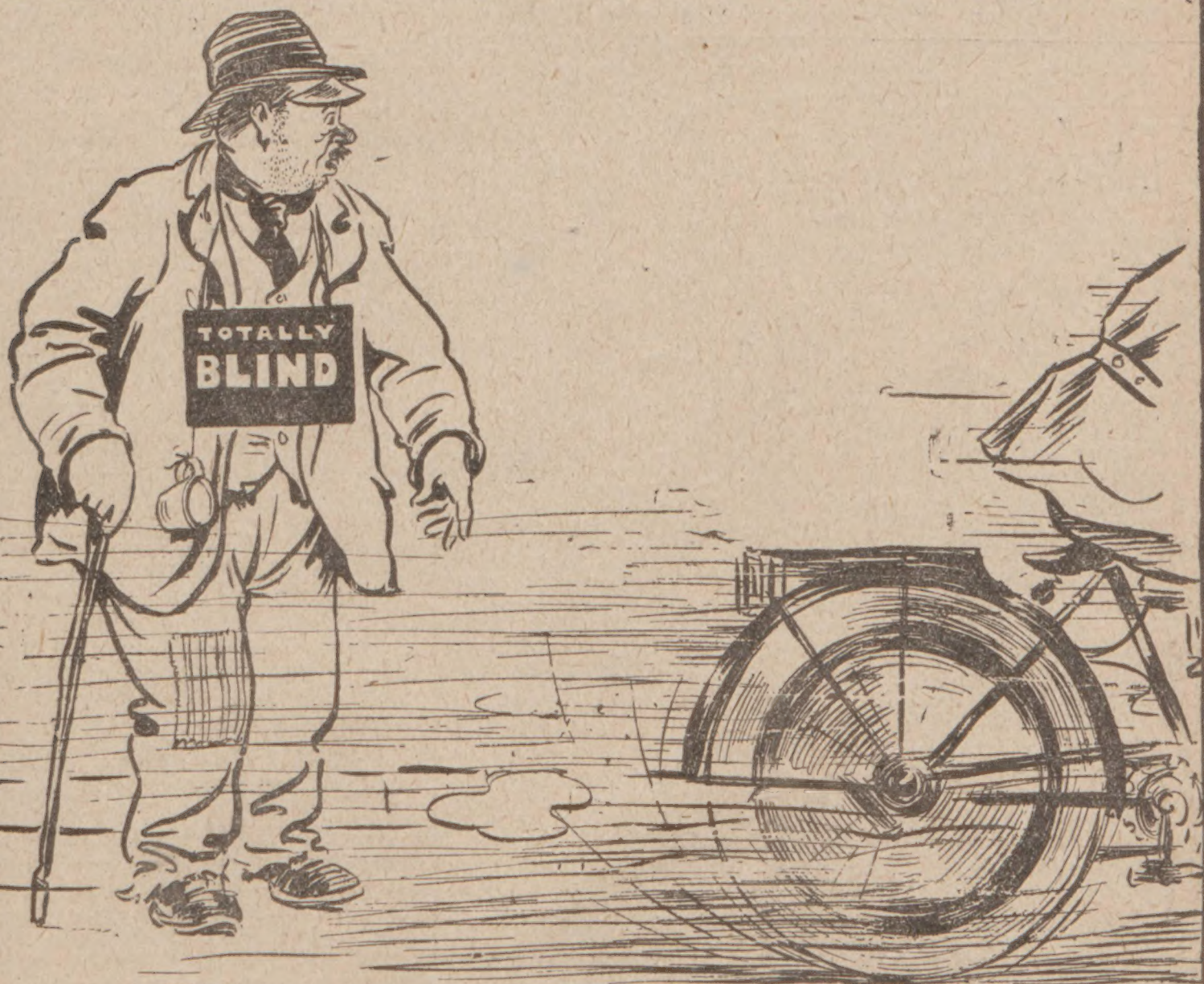
It has already been established—by the dictum of the Manchester coroner and an Assize Judge—that a motorist running at night along a broad highway has a perfect right to run down and kill any unoffending cyclist who happens to get in his way, and a Suffolk County Court judge has also upheld the doctrine that a motorist can career along the country roads in the dark, and dash through flocks of sheep which may unfortunately happen to be on the same earth. This second matter was carried to the High Court, and the judges there rightly decided that it was not obligatory on sheep travelling at night along a country road to carry a light. But does it not show the extent to which the absurd claims of the insignificant minority of motor-owners can be tried that such a matter should be seriously debated at all? The motor-car has, of course, come to stay, and nobody wants to obstruct the march of progress, but when that march degenerates into a reckless, blunder-headed, selfish scramble over public thoroughfares, it is time the public at large took a hand in the game. It cannot be too often repeated that motorists have equal rights to the roadway as pedestrians, and no more than equal rights. It is far more the business of a motorist to avoid running over any pedestrian than for the pedestrian to clear out of the way so that he shall not be run over. Only the other day in a West-End thoroughfare I had to skip for my life out of the way of a taxicab which whipped from behind another vehicle and crossed the kerb on the wrong side of the street. And the reward I got for my agility was a volley of foul language from the driver. Nearly everybody has had a somewhat similar experience, and there is no doubt of the very strong public feeling against the reckless motorist. When we have Home Rule and Welsh Disestablishment, and a few other things in which the public have no interest, out of the way there will certainly be a strong demand for legislation which will conserve the public's rights in the public streets and roads.

The Bishop in His True Colours.

My contention of a week or two ago, that it would be a mistake to take the Bishop of Kensington and his purity crusade too seriously, has already been justified by events. We hinted, moreover, last week that the Bishop was suffering from a severe attack of suffragitis, and since then he has confessed to the impeachment. It is now made plain that the Bishop and his colleagues will find time to agitate against the sweater after women get the vote, and that when women *do* get the vote the sweater and every other evil thing will automatically disappear as if by magic. Well, I envy the Bishop's faith! Also I wonder mightily how any man so simple-minded can possibly have achieved so high a position in the world as that of a Suffragan Bishop. It also transpires, on the Bishop's own confession (made since we said as much last week), that the purity campaign is being run—(is it being run, though, or has it fallen through?)—as a branch of suffragette activity, for the reason, no doubt, that in no other way can a wide notoriety be so easily attained—and, of course, notoriety is the breath of a suffragette's nostrils. It's a bit of a come-down after all those fine words and display of high principles, isn't it?

Natal and Its Indians.

The trouble with the Indians in Natal seems to be subsiding, and before long we shall be in possession of South African newspapers which may—I say *may* advisedly—throw a much-needed light on the subject. The cables continue to hand us out a fine consignment of fiction, and one of the most amusing pars I have seen was a report from a dear old "own correspondent" in Capetown to the effect that "last night strikers released the animals at the Durban 'Zoo,' except the carnivora." This is quite delicious, and it is quite appropriate that the "news" should emanate from Capetown rather than from Durban. When I was in the Natal seaport, some five or six years ago—and I have no reason to believe that there has been any change—the "Zoo" consisted of some score of deer of different kinds, a few monkeys and small mammals, and half a dozen pelicans, cranes and ibises—the whole occupying a space of



"Nah then, stoopid. Why don't ver use yer eyes?"

some fifty yards by ten yards in Mitchell Park (itself not more than two hundred yards square), not far from King's House, the Governor of Natal's official marine residence on the Durban Berea. Just imagine the horrible recklessness of the strikers who wilfully let loose this horde of wild beasts on an unoffending populace! Yet it sounds quite blood-thirsty in a cablegram, doesn't it?—until you *know*.

The Mild and Inoffensive Coolie.

The low-caste Indian coolie, such as is employed upon the big sugar estates and in the coal-mines of Natal, is just about as unlikely material for a sturdy stubborn defier of the law as could possibly be imagined. Any white man of ordinary physique would tackle a dozen of them without fear of consequences. Even when gathered together—huddling together would describe it more accurately—in a crowd has given them a little fictitious courage, they are just about as ineffective as a crowd of militant suffragettes, and almost equally unreasonable. What their special grievances are just now I am not quite clear—or at any rate nothing like so clear as the many leader-writers of the dailies who know nothing whatever about the matter—but I cannot believe that, as is generally accepted here, it is the £3 Poll Tax which is the crux of the trouble. There is no reason why it should cause the trouble just now, for it is a dozen years old as an impost, and it has never been collected except from Indians of position and property, who could very well afford it and could not dodge it. It has, on the contrary, always been a grievance with a certain section of Natal white people that the Government had no adequate machinery for collecting this tax, and that only those Indians paid who liked. It may be—but I do not think it is—that the tax is now being enforced; but I think the real reason for the revolt is that the continued policy of pin pricks has at last had its inevitable result, and the responsible Indians have decided to end it or mend it.

It may be worth while to accentuate the point that none of these grievances apply to the indentured Indians upon plantation or mine. They have apparently struck out of sympathy with the "free" Indians (this is the customary term in Natal for Indians not under indenture). They are, taking one thing with another, fairly adequately protected by the official Protector of Indian Immigrants, who is nominally independent of the Natal Government, and their immediate lot cannot be affected one way or another by

any action of the Union or the Indian Government. It is only when their indentures have expired that they can result from the strike, so that their action is purely disinterested—and, of course, so much the more significant.

The Upside-Down Epidemic.

Since the amazing feats of M. Pégoud, the French aviator, there has been quite a rush of discoveries of people who see things upside-down or cross-cornerwise. Of course, all these yarns must be taken with a specially large pinch of salt, otherwise they are likely to prove indigestible. The latest and one of the most convincing, was narrated in the *Daily News*, that shrine of pure and unadulterated truth, by "Former Official," who tells how "a boy in a Poor Law school had the greatest difficulty in writing in the ordinary manner, but none in writing very neatly inverted words, but (I am not quite clear what is a "neatly inverted" word, but we'll let that pass). The enterprising official made inquiries and found that "the boy's father (or grandfather, I forget which) was an engraver of visiting card plates." He concludes his moving story with the ejaculation "One for heredity!", but I think it would be more fitting to remark "One for the Recording Angel." At any rate, although this may be good enough for an Eugenist faddist, it is a bit too rugged for the ordinary man, I fancy; and I, for one, shall take the liberty of disbelieving the ex-official gentleman even if he manages to make up his mind whether it was the grandfather or the father who handed down the inverted instinct.

The Suffragette Campaign.

I hear rumours of some striking developments in the militant campaign, and though things have been moderately lively in the arson line of late, there is likely to be still greater activity after Mrs. Pankhurst's return, with an organised outbreak just before Parliament meets. The poor dears are beginning to feel quite lonely and neglected of late, and—as I indicated some weeks ago—the Cat and Mouse Act is having a nerve-shaking effect upon the weaker minded sisters, who, moreover, usually find themselves defrauded of their fair share of the limelight. Thus it is that a desperate effort is being made to bring about the repeal of the Act, in which effort the Bishop of Kensington is taking a hand. But the mere fact that the militants object is the strongest justification of the Act, and all these tearful appeals will have an effect directly opposite from that intended.

Harry Lauder—Preacher.

The threatened irruption of the music-hall into the pulpit has come a step nearer with the appearance of Mr. Harry Lauder in an Anerley church last Sunday afternoon. This much over-rated Scottish comedian always takes himself very seriously, and is doubtless persuaded that he has done a good turn to the powers of righteousness by intruding himself in a place where he had no right to be. But it is scarcely open to doubt that exceedingly few of the huge audience which listened to his singing of "Annie Laurie" and "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," were there for any better reason than curiosity and the natural desire to see a much-advertised man more cheaply than is possible at a music-hall. Anyhow whatever excuse can be made for the comedian and his audience, there is none at all for the Congregational minister who made this regrettable incident possible. We don't want the Bishop of Kensington acting as a press agent for Mlle. Gaby Deslys, and we don't want the Anerley parson filling that office for Harry Lauder. And it is no palliation of the offence that the coffers of the church profited by a bumper collection—rather it makes things worse, for it lends colour to the criticism that the churches will do anything, righteous or unrighteous, to entice people within their doors, and the money out of their pockets. If it was only to deliver an address and sing a couple of hackneyed songs, one can state with confidence that there are thousands of men in London who could speak better, and thousands more who could sing those two particular songs infinitely better than Mr. Lauder. Let the shoemaker stick to his last! There are quite enough unconscious comedians in pulpits without introducing professionals who off the stage are merely ordinary individuals with an exaggerated idea of their own importance in the world.



"I do think your father's mean, letting you go about in them worn-out old boots, being a shoemaker too."

"Garn. 'Ow about yer own father what's a dentist, lettin your baby go about with only one tooth?"

OTHER PEOPLE'S INDISCRETIONS

AND WHAT RUMOUR SAYS.

last week a keen anti-vivisectionist, lecturing on the here-
of animals, said that he had often seen phantoms of
outside the residences of vivisectionists in Harley Street.
ould he kindly let us know the name of his favourite
of—cheese?

* * *

strange little incident, combining all the elements of
comedy and tragedy, occurred outside the Berkeley Hotel
Saturday. A young man of humorous disposition saw
taxicab from a side street bearing down upon a smart

lady who was cross-
the road. He jumped
ard, seized her in a
of embrace, waltzed her
of danger and finished
twirling her round on
opposite kerb. The
lady, unaware of her
escape, and highly in-
ant at his apparent pre-
tuousness, raised her
and smartly drew it
both his cheeks, at
the gallant smilingly
his hat, made a
bow and departed.
the situation was ex-
to her, she was
moved, and is now
looking for a dark,
haired young man of
5ft. 8in. in height.

the demon of Tango has
his grip, and he
fiendishly that he
ubiquitous in Panto.
has even invaded our
palaces, and at two
cinemas the
is now taught in the
What might happen
the watchers of the
trace out the move-
of the "touch dance"
by step, and as they are
by the sway of the
ous dance and the lilt
the music, must be left
the imagination.

ews reaches us that one
and child-lunatics have
free from an asylum
Montsevero (Italy). Now,
McKenna, wipe away
frown. There are one
and vacancies. What
those militant suffra-

* * *
What was the significance
the police-truncheon and
revolver that were left
Croydon telephone-box?
it the last resource of
asperated subscriber to intimidate an indolent operator?

* * *
couldn't it have been better for the Olympic Fund people
have let the London Opera House have a larger share
arrangements for that wonderful matinée? Anyhow,
much was realised?

* * *
certain second-rate politician made a highly salacious
at the Club dinner the other night, according to all
How many bottles of champagne were required
mulate the reporters' pencils into inactivity?

* * *
it is time for the ever-popular Queen Alexandra
to be a little more punctual. She appears to have
everyone waiting nearly half an hour for the opening
Mary Curzon Hostel in the King's Cross Road,

That considering the fact that the tops of motor omni-
buses are well above the level of the street and that the
lesser clergy, if not Suffragan Bishops, sometimes ride upon
them, a famous firm of dressmakers in Regent Street would
be well advised to put blinds to their fitting-rooms and draw
them when the lights are turned up. The female form divine
can frequently be viewed by the curiously inclined, and if
there should be a block in the traffic the process of "trying
on" can be followed in all its intricacies.

* * *

That Canon Lyttelton's
plea to authors, in a letter
to the *Times*, to write
nothing that they would not
like to see sixteen-year-old
sons of their own reading, is
wonderfully ingenuous, and
shows that if Eton makes
men of the world of its boys,
it certainly does not do the
same for its head-masters.

If Canon Lyttelton intends
to include authoresses in his
appeal, what does he suggest
that one or two we could
name should do for a living
if they respond to it?

That "small change" is
the name given locally to the
considerable crowd of ladies
that nightly hangs about
Maiden Lane to catch a
glimpse of the great Joe
Coyne.

That as some of them are
old enough to be married, as
well as to know much better,
it is just as well that the
dingy street near Covent
Garden is not much fre-
quented by husbands.

We wonder if the stage
career of the little flapper,
aged 15, who is shortly to
appear in a production, will
be successful? Her remarks
on men are "Men are all
right as pastimes."

When will the police take
note of the two flashy opium
dens that are situated not far
from Piccadilly Circus?

Why does the producer of
cinema films of the blood and
thunder type, just off Shaftes-
bury Avenue, have so many
back numbers of *Pluck* and
Union Jack lying about his
office? And does he not pride
himself on his smartness

in eluding the new Copyright Act?

* * *

Who were the two gentlemen specially deputed by the
Bishop of Kensington to visit and report upon "Who's the
Lady?" Were they the same individuals who distinguished
themselves in the Gaby Deslys case, and if not, what is the
comparative value of the two opinions? We should be very
greatly obliged if the "commissioner" would point out the
special points of the fancied resemblance to "Our Boys." It
would be interesting reading. Anyhow, with so
many dramatic critics in the field, we scarcely fancy
the public will pay much attention to the opinions of two
anonymous gentlemen acting as scouts for a suffragette
suffragan Bishop. They are just about as futile as the
Library Banners, and have just about the same effect upon
the public mind.



THE IMPROBABLE CHOICE.

THE BLIGHT OF THE BISHOPS.

Frequently I have dreams, occasionally a nightmare.

As theatrical critic on the staff of *The Wirepuller* I went to His Majesty's, a combination of theatre and music-hall run by the clergy. In fact, it was the sole place of its kind left in existence in Britain.

I seated myself comfortably in one of the boxes as the orchestra struck up Rubenstein's Melody in F to put the audience in the right mood, bowed to the supervising bishop in the box opposite, and then George Robey, his nose carefully powdered, bounced on to the stage.

"Ah! good people, here I am!" he said, and somebody laughed.

The bishop shuddered, went white and red by turns, lifted his eyes piously to the roof, and signed to a vigilant attendant to eject the misguided creature who had laughed; while Mr. Robey proceeded to lecture on the evils of intemperance in his own inimitable style. As he at length left the stage, he blew a kiss to the audience, and his exit was received with vociferous applause.

Miss Marie Lloyd, clad in a gown which trailed the stage, then took the boards and recited with intense pathos "Ba-ba, black sheep."



BEAUTY IN THE COILS.

Her eyes gleamed brightly, her merry glances thrilled the theatre, and one sanguine spirit, stirred to enthusiasm, called:—

"Bravo, Marie. Go it!"

The actress winked—yes, winked!—and as she left the stage the audience rose *en masse* and cheered her to the echo. The bishop was observed to leave his box in considerable trepidation, and when at last Miss Lloyd, in response to continued calls of "Encore," re-appeared on the stage, she had augmented her attire by a pair of blinkers.

Handicapped as she was, the lady gave a superb rendering of that fine old ballad, "If Those Eyes Could Only Speak."

After her final exit an extensive portion of the audience left the theatre, but a quartette composed of Wilkie Bard, Little Tich, George Graves and Harry Lauder, who was clad in trousers, exalted those who remained by singing a new song, entitled "The Good Old Days." Unfortunately four verses had been banned by the bishops, and as there were only four verses originally, we had to be content with the chorus.

Suddenly the bishop discovered that Little Tich, who was attired as a dustman, exhibited some of his underclothing through a rent in the seat of his trousers, and Mr. Tich, blushing visibly to a deep crimson hue, rushed off in confusion. Soon he re-appeared, having in the interim borrowed from Sir George Alexander (who was next on the bill) a pair of trousers. These he had strapped under his armpits, and altogether he would have delighted the editor of the *Tailor and Cutter*.

The four comedians then sang a bowdlerised version of "Father's Pants Cut Down for Willie," and after cries of "Speech" Mr. Lauder said that the kind expression of approval on the part of those present was indeed very sweet to them, but in the name of justice it must be borne in mind that all that was likeable in their performance was really due to their good mutual friend, the bishop. He called on three cheers for the bishop.

The bishop, replying, commented on the declining birth-rate and the need of social reform. He enlarged on the duties of the theatre. He spoke of the time that had been, and reminded his hearers that but a little while ago people went to a music-hall expecting to laugh. It was astounding but none the less it was a deplorable fact. One misguided individual had indeed so far forgotten himself that night as to laugh, but it had transpired he was a rustic from the wilds of Devon, who had been directed here in lieu of the Houses of Parliament. He was sure, however, there was no further member in the audience to-night so despicable as to laugh. The rev. gentleman also instanced how the manufacture of cloth and kindred trades had benefited by the clergy's action, and he continued in this strain until most of the audience had left.

It was then discovered that Sir George Alexander had gone home, but Miss Maud Allan, on being awakened from the sleep into which she had relapsed, gave an exhibition of classical dancing. Her hands were covered with gloves, she was clad in a blue tailor-made costume, and had her hat on, so the bishop smiled benignly.

By this time I was a little tired, and as by appearance the audience in the stalls seemed a decent fellow, I went down to him. We exchanged greetings, and then:

"This is rotten, isn't it?" he said.

On the look-out for new readers I advised him to buy *The Wirepuller* in the morning and see.

"I only came in out of the rain," he explained.

Then he continued eagerly:

"I say, have you heard that new song at St. Paul's? You know, the thing they're trying to censure?"

"No. Have you?"

"Couldn't get a seat anywhere," he replied. "Not even standing room. They're charging from five shillings to two guineas for a seat. It's awful. The picture houses are crying out against the competition of the churches."

"Well, anyway," I said, "let's go out for a drink," and accordingly the audience and I departed, leaving Miss Allan posturing before a sleepy-eyed bishop in a box.

As I raised my glass to my lips—just my usual luck—I woke up.

ERIC DE BANZIE.

Carpet is purchased by the yard and worn out by the foot.

There would be fewer mysteries in this old world if every thing were looked into as often as is the mirror.

Modern democracy too often is a system under which voters elect representatives to receive the orders of a boss.

OURSELVES AND OTHER PEOPLE.

AN ALIBI.

Mistress: Mary, there's a month's dust in the library.
Maid: Well, you can't blame me for that, ma'am. I've been here ten days.

The success of a man sometimes depends upon his notion to when his education is finished.

CURIOSITY.

Jones: I want a pair of fancy trousers for dress.
The Shopgirl: For dress? Where do you expect to wear 'em?
Jones: Why—er—right where I'm wearing these, ma'am.

Talk about casting up figures, the Simian family is noted for the rapidity with which it runs up a column.

KILLING TWO BIRDS.

"Please, ma'am," asked the new cook, "an' how will I know when the pudding is done?"
"Stick a knife into it," answered the skilled housewife, "and if it comes out clean the pudding is ready to serve."
"Yes, ma'am."
"And oh, Norah," continued her mistress, "if the knife comes out clean, you might stick all the rest of the birds in as well."

NOT EVEN TO SAVE HER SOUL.

Factor: I have missed you from the church services since I received your uncle's legacy. You surely cannot mean to desert our fold?
Mrs. Ships Inne: Why, I'm simply obliged to, Mr. Surplis! I've left the church, but now that I have my gowns from Paris, I can't get down on my knees to save my soul!—*Judge.*

ENCOURAGEMENT.

Robbs: Has the widow given you any encouragement?
Robbs: Rather! When I asked her how long her husband had been dead, she said he'd been dead about long enough.
Brooklyn Citizen.

HIS SENSIBLE ATTITUDE.

"Is yo' comin' to pra'r meetin' to-night, Brud' Dinger?" asked good old Parson Bagster.
"Well-uh, no, sah; I reggin not," was the reply. "To be troof, pahson, I's aimin' to go to de ministrel show—I got a comperment'ry ticket."
"Brud' Dinger, dar won't be no minstrel shows in town!"
"Den, if dat's de case, sah, I'm sho' gwine to-night, whilst de ticket's good!"—*Judge.*



DURING THE DOWNPOUR.

"O Bill, wot a lovely drink we could 'ave now—if we'd only got the gin!"—*Sydney Bulletin.*

GOOD REASON.

"Why have you never sued any of your divorced husbands for alimony?"
"By the time I'm ready to leave a man, he's always bankrupt."—*Judge.*

THE HAMMER AND THE HAMMERING.

Johnnie rushed into the dining-room, his voice lifted to a long, quavering wail. He was giving a star exhibition of the art of separating himself from tears and trills.
"What's the matter?" asked mother.
Johnnie removed both fists from his eyes and explained mournfully.
"Papa was out on the back porch nailing down a plank, and he had a big hammer—an awful big hammer. Then he missed the nail and hit his thumb."
"Then what are you crying about?" asked mother.
"Why didn't you laugh?"
Then Johnnie told the whole story thus:
"I did."—*Popular Magazine.*

MAKING A HIT.

"I understand you have taken to song writing."
"Yes," replied the versatile man.
"I'm told that there is a demand for something in accord with the tendency of the time—something simple and homely that shows the dominant force of the feminine nature, and which nevertheless depicts woman as claiming deep devotion."
"Have you done anything in those lines?"
"Yes. I have the finish of the chorus. It is as follows:
"She hit me with a fence rail, but I love her just the same."—*Washington Star.*

DIAPHANOUS.

He: I see Rev. Riggs scored the styles in woman's dress in his sermon Sunday.
She: How's that?
He: The text was from the last chapter of Revelations.—*Dartmouth Jack o' Lantern.*



"Ah, Gustave, how I love to feel my hands in yours!"
"And I too. It stops you playing the piano."—*Le Rire.*

INTERROGATIONS

AND THINGS WE HAVE HEARD.

The Archduke Francis Ferdinand has impressed those with whom he came in contact during his visit to England with his geniality and devotion to his religion. There are other signs, besides his daily visits to the Farm Street Chapel for Mass, of his deeply clerical sympathies which will add to the difficulties of his position when he is called upon to succeed the Emperor Francis Joseph.

It was at the special wish of the Queen that the Archduke was accompanied by the Duchess of Hohenburg. The Duchess is an admirable wife and mother, and therefore has the whole-hearted sympathy of Queen Mary in the difficult position which she occupies as the "unofficial wife" of the Archduke.

While political considerations prevented the Duchess of Hohenburg being placed on a footing which is not hers in her own country, the most careful precautions were taken to allow no situation to arise in which invidious distinctions would have to be made.

This was the sole reason why the visit was a private one. Actually the Archduke wields greater political power in Vienna each year, and, as far as diplomatic discussions were concerned, the visit was as official as it could possibly be.

The Duchess of Hohenburg must after all have been painfully conscious of the fact that her presence was a bar to the State reception and civic honours which would otherwise have been accorded to her august husband.

Though the announcement of Lord Hardinge of Penshurst's impending resignation of the office of Viceroy was unfounded, it has given the public a hint of the serious consequences of the Delhi outrage.

Besides actual physical injuries, Lord Hardinge of Penshurst suffered from a nervous breakdown of the most serious kind, and he has only recently been able again to take an active part in the Government of India.

With remarkable pluck he not only remained in the country during that most serious crisis in his health, but clung to office long enough to reappear in public, and so guard against any possible loss of prestige to the British Raj which would have followed upon an immediate resignation.

His successor when his resignation does come about—will no doubt be Lord Kitchener, who, there is little doubt, would have followed Lord Minto had King Edward lived. But there was determined opposition to a man of Lord Kitchener's stamp, his methods savouring too much of iron rule to be popular with easy-going Anglo-Indians. Though he made a splendid Commander-in-Chief he could not be said to have been a popular one.



"Did their love affair end happily?"

"Comparatively so. It ended without the aid of a minister."

Anyway, he was not wanted as Viceroy. People remembered the regime of Lord Curzon of Kedleston, and thought they might have a similar one. Many of the latter's acts in connection with the official classes were offensively arbitrary and tyrannical. As the representative in his Eastern Empire of his Sovereign, he placed himself upon a pedestal and a love of ceremony imposed a tremendous and unnecessary strain upon the official world. At the same time it must be admitted that the brilliant soldier, who has unquestionably been most successful in Egypt, would not offend in this respect.

A great deal is written about the naughty girl with the slashed skirt and the Tango stocking; but what about the Tango man who insisted that his silk hose were not transparent enough, although made of cob-webby fabric? What will "Nuttiness" end?

The gentleman in this week's breach of promise case wrote in his now published letter to his sweetheart that he went to buy her some tartan stockings, but that they cost 4s. 6d. What would he say to Tango stockings—ordinary price in a London shop—which cost guineas?

Every woman supposed to have a bit of the tigress in her composition, at least last year's leopard and tiger furs were largely worn. This year, however, they are considered to be a little outré in fashion, but as the tigress arrives the imitation leopard and tiger skins—that is, wool fabrics made to look like tiger furs. A woman in an imitation tiger skin looks as though she wishes to express her tigress nature, but she must remain a Tootling Brixton suburban miss—she does not know how to combine the two.

What is the origin of some of the "masters" that are being sold at famous rooms? And if two studios in West End Road do not hold some pastmaster in the art of manufacture?

How the duchess enjoyed her experience amongst the of Lambeth? How many souls she saved, and if she objected to the odour of grilled kippers? To what use the tracts she left were put?

If the icy little play, "Who's the Lady?", is going to cut down? And if this applies to the ladies' costumes?

If Mr. John S. Sargent, R.A., has not a surprise in store for his many admirers? If he has not taken to painting again, and if the work upon which he is engaged at present will not cause something of a sensation when exhibited?

The name of the big lingerie house which has just refused to serve the wife of a peer on the grounds that her lingerie is unfit for the ears of the young lady assistants in the fitting room?

The name of the Hebrew scholar who has just translated the Bible into Whitechapel slang, and if it is likely to become more popular in consequence?



"Good morning, Mr. Jones."

"Oh, don't call me 'Mr. Jones,' my dear Miss Gladys."

"But I don't know your Christian name. Besides, I haven't known you very long."

"No, if you had known me long, you would know that my name is Smith."

The name of the well-known lady authoress who sent a photo to Mr. Hall Caine, and if it was a photo of herself "taken from behind"?

A medical officer of Eston, Middlesbrough, has been complaining that diseases are spread by children chewing pen-holders in school, and if he expects the rate-
to provide sugar sticks as a substitute?

It is a fact that George Robey has consented to play "Samlet" for the cinema?

What the 4,000 tons of steel nuts, ordered by makers in Darlaston district, have just "bolted" for the United

The Rothschilds are financially interested in one of the West End theatres, and if, but for their generous support, a number of artistic productions would never come light at all?

What the latest method of pruning rose trees is by means dynamite, and that we hope we shall never be forced to cut our hair cut in the same manner.

Tango is sometimes served so hot that one is liable to get his tea get cold?

The gentleman who politely offered to fasten the shoe of a lady in the gangway of the Royalty Theatre the evening is now wondering what has become of his tie-pin?

The identity of the swell who dined with a certain well-known actress at the Carlton the other evening, and when it came to "settling up" found he hadn't enough money to pay the bill, and if the lady parted from him very indignant in the entrance hall?

The name of the middle-aged peer who took a young and beautiful lady to supper at the Savoy wearing paper covers on his cuffs?

The custom is a habit of his, and if he was very much surprised when his companion called his attention to the

Why a certain Archdeacon is advising the public to "Avoid bazaars like poison," and if he has "had some"?

That the Kaiser has once more "put his foot in it" over the separation of his favourite son Prince Eitel Fritz and his wife, the former Duchess of Oldenburg?

That the lady is now so seriously offended that she has taken herself off to Paris in high dudgeon, refusing to return to the "Vaterland" on any consideration.

The name of the well-known novelist who has received an unpleasant shock in the form of a long-lost and particularly disreputable brother who has just made his appearance in Fleet Street?

If he will do his best to persuade the latter to "keep a still tongue in a wise head"?

If there is any truth in the rumour that Lord Kitchener is about to marry, and if the lady is a widow?

How Sir Joseph Lyons enjoyed himself at the Garrick Theatre on Saturday last, and if it was *really* Mrs. Langtry who sat next to the *Times* critic in the stalls?

If a certain actor of musical-comedy fame is about to start a corset agency in Westbourne Grove?

If a certain pretty Gaiety actress has a particular dislike for banana skin, and if the little accident outside the Savoy the other evening has strengthened the prejudice?

The names of the two Garrick Club members who were criticising a certain play very unfavourably in the smoke-room the other afternoon, and what they felt like when they chanced to turn round and discover the author doubled up in laughter behind a copy of the *Times*.

If the "moonlight rainbow" was seen before or after dinner?



CAPITAL AND LABOUR.

Lilian: Don't you feel cold without a coat?"

Maria: "Garn, swanker, my scarf is *real* plush, it is, and that's more'n yer can say with yer imitation rabbit!"

TABLOID TOPICS.

"Who's the Lady"—who muzzled the Censor?

"The best school for a would-be surgeon?" Lancing.

"Mexico Discouraged," says a headline. Who's Heurt-a feeling?

Should dentists have a Harley Street? asks a weekly. Why not Long Acre?

"Chancellor Gives the Game Away," *Express* heading. What! Have they been at the mangolds again?

"John Kensington" is still on the warpath against the immoral tendencies of the age. Where is Jack London?

Sir Edward Carson warns the Government that they must blot Belfast off the map. When is Carson going to dry up?

Should picture theatres close on Christmas Day? This will assume the aspect of a burning question if the wife neglects the oven in order to attend one.

A headline runs "Turkish Women in Revolt." But Turkey does not stand alone. The antics of our Suffragettes prove that even some Englishwomen are "revolting."

Members of the Smart Set are sending type-written love-letters. Special sentences and words are done in red. Have a care, ladies! The black in mail form will probably follow.

Major-General Sir Alfred Turner believes in spirit photography. We negative the notion. One of our own photos had a decidedly spirty complexion, and, having brandied it as a fraud, we sent it on to Mr. Maskelyne.

"Look into baby's eyes, and forgive her Daddy," wrote an unfaithful man to the spouse he had injured as no woman cares to be. He should study song-writing of the super-sentimental sort with the musical setting in false time.

Madge Evans, a four-year-old lady, has been photographed and sculptured thousands of times. She is like a bit of Dresden-ware, declares one of her artistic admirers, but some of the photos reproduced are more like an undressed 'un.

Mr. Raymond Duncan, brother of the distinguished danseuse, is busy in the operation of raising an ancient Greek city from its ruins. The wife of his bosom is said to be weaving at a loom. Raising the money for the other raising perhaps.

"Is 'damnable' a bad word?" That was the question prominent in a charge of slander brought against a vicar by a Church organist. The answer depends on circumstances. On the links it "is just a vairy necessairy reliev'n' of one's feelings," but a Church organist should finger the stop. It is not a vox celeste exclamation.

Are Post Office workers fairly treated? asks a contemporary. Well, we have heard of a man going home early (in the morning) who gave a letter-carrier half-a-crown, under the impression that he was a policeman. It was intended as "square" treatment, at all events.

In Nigeria is a secret society having a terrible aim and a more terrible name. It is intituled "Ekkpo Njawhaw," and is cannibalistic. The word "club" is writ large on its rules. Altogether the community is the reverse of Njawhawble. There is something uncanny about these cannibals.

Mr. Theodore Emanuel Awua, of Accra, West Africa, announces in a local paper that he has changed his name to Theodore Emanuel Fred Asiedukosiawuah. We expect these was a woman in the case. Under his new name even the flintiest-hearted dusky belle must regard him as a duck of a woocer.

We are told by the *Daily Sketch* that M. Nijinsky, for some time publicly associated with Madame Pavlova, has been unexpectedly married, in Buenos Ayres. Wemmick's "Here's a church—let's get married," is a commonplace. Unexpected deaths—yes; but unexpected marriages—. Pardon a birthed of laughter.

"New remedy for broken necks" says a newspaper. Not please!

"Piano in 12 lessons" runs an advt. A goodly reward for industry.

Somebody has discovered that the first hunger-striker was Cleopatra. And she also had the needle, we believe.

"One couple one home"—*Mirror* headline. Is intended as a gentle hint to dear mas-in-law, we wonder.

"Servant or Nun?" asks the *Daily News*. We thought the *Daily Mail* had settled the servant problem long ago.

The *Times* announces a "Fuel Number." Its contents will presumably be even drier than is the paper's contents.

"Spirits which come back to be photographed"—*Daily Sketch* headline. Needless to say they were all of the female persuasion.

The Lord Mayor of London's niece has become Mrs. Lowly. This looks like stooping from a high estate. Her husband must have been Lowly born.

The last of the Shoguns is reported to have gone off. It is no matter for surprise to learn that this last of the Shoguns was partial to shooting.

A panel doctor stated at Clerkenwell that his "firm" had five thousand people on their list. We congratulate the firm upon this healthy state of affairs.

A *Times* "agony": "Bass.—Wednesday, 11 a.m. Most urgent." Is the gentleman's telephone out of order, that he has to order his morning refresher by advertisement?

Mr. George Sayers, of North Berwick, has tried to improve Royal golf. That's all right. He might have attempted to improve Royal golf language. That would have been a bad shot.

Miss Wilson, of the White House, has received as a wedding gift recipes from 450 wives. If the bridegroom values his life he will doubtless take an early opportunity of "cooking" the lot.

A motor-bus driver, summoned for driving at an excessive speed, pleaded at West London that his wife had that day given birth to twins. The news was probably driving him off his head, poor chap!

Preaching at Anerley, Mr. H. Lauder, D.D. (D.D. Doctor) spoke affectionately of a "wee pit pony that saved my life." There is another kind of pony to which, we believe, he is much attached.

The French Government are offering a free rental of £6 per year. It is rumoured that Mrs. Pankhurst, who is looking out for such a rendezvous, has called. "Hold the fort, for I am coming."

In U.S.A. they have hit upon a novel method of giving wedding presents. The bride is blindfolded and has to pick the presents off a clothes line stretched across the room. A case of "getting 'em on a line."

Yarn Spinning.—It is seriously stated that at Burnley are going to their work in the very latest costumes, and even Raglan raincoats and furs. But the traditional Lancashire shawl and clogs.

In America the lady motor-bus conductor is an established institution. Will she cross the "pond"? We ponder! Prettily-conducted vehicles should be a great attraction, not too much "bussing," please. Blow the kisses.

The actress feminine in "Who's the Lady" to the *Daily Mirror*. "pony" is the word before undry official visitors. Probably she will swallow the deception better with a fluid lubricant.



TANGO TEAS: SELECTIONS FROM THE SKETCH BOOK OF A NUT.

...n girls are being trained to become superwomen. This means a stage career as what hitherto have been "extra girls"? In that connection "super" does stand for superior, though they may become British.

* * *

The editor of the *Evening News* either has, or has not, a sense of humour. On Tuesday, immediately beneath a cartoon showing John Bull held by the Party Machine being fed by Mr. Lloyd George with obnoxious Acts, appeared an article by Lady Helen Forbes destined to show that the *Vox Populi* is almost invariably wrong. You pays your money and takes your choice of the two points of view.

The Gallows Inn Garden Association has awarded George Kobey six silver shillings for an exhibit of six potatoes—a bob a murphy. Our office boy thinks that the music-hall managers will raise his "celery." But perhaps they will tell him to go and hang himself in the Gallows Inn Garden—preferably with a rope of onions.

* * *

Scores of wealthy Dublin ladies are said to be shod in gold and jewels. "Rich and rare were the gems she wore," sang the great Irish poet, but he made no mention of the riches and the rarities fitting the young person "down to the ground"—no turquoised Louis Quatorze heels. We are almost inclined to deny the statement in toe-toe.

IN STAGELAND.

As regards "Who's the Lady?" at the Garrick I am not at present in a position to speak or advise for the reason that I have not yet seen it. I shall have something to say about it next week.

Meanwhile, a reliable dictionary tells me that the verb to "cense" is "to perfume with odours"—a highly satisfactory function for a highly respectable Government Department. Of course, some of the odours may be a trifle mixed and consequently more or less an acquired taste, but in any event I owe the late Mr. Nuttall my respects and thanks for affording us a clue to the particular duties which are carried out with such charming but efficient reticence by the Lord Chamberlain's officers. One can only sincerely hope that their salaries are in some measure commensurate with the duties so amazingly performed for an amazed and gratified public.

Let's go out into a cleaner atmosphere! In a charming little farewell note received from Miss Fanny Fields she tells how genuinely sorry she is to leave England midway in a career for which we should have remained pleased and grateful for many years to come. Her role in New York, as the wife of a busy and popular medical man, will be the care and guardianship of young mothers and girls of the type who come more directly into touch with her husband's profession than with any other mission for the benefit of the distressed. We pay her the highest possible compliment by believing that she will be as effective in her new life as she was in her better-known sphere of action.

By an extraordinary coincidence Miss Marie Tempest has been ill on the two occasions that I have visited Mr. H. A. Jones's brilliant comedy, "Mary Goes First," at the Playhouse. The understudy, Miss Jean Cavanagh, although well received on both occasions for her desirably satirical little cameo, was up against overwhelming odds in endeavouring to duplicate the unique. Miss Tempest is the exquisite aristocrat, par excellence, of histrionic humour, and it is entirely beyond the power of any living person to reproduce faithfully the monstrously effective subtlety of

cynical wit which is expounded with the graceful ease exclusively the gift of Miss Tempest, our priceless comedy possession.

The emphatic "No trumps!" declaration which brought down the curtain on Act I. seems to be every bit as much Miss Tempest's birthright, and the keynote of her personality's influence, as it is the undisputed perpetual privilege of that other Mary who always "goes first" to the widest Earth, and who so keenly enjoyed Mr. Jones's comedy on the Tuesday prior to my first visit. One curious feature of this remarkable production is that, either by accident or design, the character of Sir Thomas Bodsworth (admirably played by Mr. Kenyon Musgrave) is the elderly, bombastic suburban paterfamilias of C. Harrison's cartoons come to life.

The Victoria Palace leaves such a uniform strength of favourable impression that a restrained eulogy is by no means out of place at the moment. The weekly bills are invariably booked with a skill and refinement that find a parallel at no similar house in the whole of London. In selection there is a notable and consistent propensity that scooping the cream of the type of act to be featured gives one to wonder whether the barring clause has not been rendered inoperative. The London house attracts a remarkably distinguished type of comedienne who have, as we have done, thus the Victoria Palace, and the entertainment influence—the victory of Art and the rejection of filth; the culture of the humorist and the defeat of the "comic" merchant.

Many months ago I commented adversely on the management's solitary discernible lapse from their desirable course—"Le Petit Cabaret" (fresh from the Palace at that time) was an unpleasant enough proposition, replete with glaring features. However, I am informed that it has recently been turned into a more different class, and is now open to the stage which is no longer more than justified by strong criticism.

This is good hearing, but I will investigate during the week and report. The fact is, for although it is indeed to welcome the hostility of the wrong of act, yet it is even pleasurable to record the abolition of desirable features.

We are proud of a little upsetting already achieved, and are out for more. Our policy is at least clear—we are bitter and I hope our active enemies of bestiality on the one hand and practical on the other—the only two ailments of the healthy contemporary suffers from, and rather a minor evil.

A hint of an anti-theatrical stir in the Clergy on approved Stage on approved lines to Southend in the cot.

plained of. trouble was a revue "Splash Me!" poster. It was storm in a surely never review and in parson so effectively honorary advt. age funny little provin. A. R. C.



We are threatened with a new affliction. Following the example of Miss Grace la Rue at the Palace, all sorts and conditions of people about a theatre or hall will now take to, airing their grievances on the stage at most inopportune moments.



MARIE MANCINI.



Royal and Noble Love Affairs.

No. 31.

THE ROMANCE OF AN UGLY DUCKLING.

Just as Society has concerned itself during the last twenty years with Archduke Francis Ferdinand of Austria and the secret power that has so closely bound him to Sophie Chotek (now Duchess of Hohenberg) so in days of yore the world wondered wherein lay the spell that secured to the "ugly duckling," Marie Mancini, the slave-like love of King Louis XIV. In the following narrative we shall tell for the first time how it came about that the wayward boy-King of France became the slave of a girl who, when her uncle, Cardinal Mazarin, first set eyes on her, he promptly gave her up as hopelessly plain, and packed her off to a convent where the consolations of religion atoned throughout her life for the defects of nature. No wonder that, years later, when the "Sun King" fell a prey to Marie's charms, the world stood amazed, and could scarcely believe its own eyes. Yet so it was of Louis XIV.; it was most true to say that he "worshipped the ground she walked on." Now, why was it? We shall see.

Cardinal Mazarin, in the early days of Louis XIV., was the crowned King of France. With the boy-King's mother for his mistress, he ruled the roost in Gaul. With the object of strengthening his position in the State, he took care that the boy-King should be brought up as ignorant as any swine-herd, and without an object more important than his dogs and guns. Cardinal Mazarin had in France no relations upon whom he could rely, and his place in the State was a difficult and trying one. He never knew when his downfall might be accomplished; and when his obscure Italian sister's daughters were budding into womanhood, he bethought him that if they were presentable wenches, they might be of service to him in the Court. So he wrote to his sister, Madame Mancini, in Italy, and suggested that she should set up her residence in Paris, and bring her five daughters with her. And she did.

The "Ugly Duckling" Soon Forgotten.

When the Mancinis arrived, the Cardinal inspected his nieces with a critical eye. Four of the five girls turned out to be lively, skittish things, with the bloom of health upon their cheeks, and the fire of youth in their bright brown eyes. But the Cardinal looked grave when Madame Mancini presented her youngest girl. Of all the dull gawks whom he had ever seen, she appeared to be the dullest. Marie Mancini was fourteen—a long, thin, callow creature, without grace or promise, either of brains or beauty. Her mother disliked her, and consequently Marie was fag for the rest of her sisters. The Cardinal at once decided that home influences would do nothing for poor Marie, so off she went to a convent where she was packed, and left to develop under a new environment.

The Cardinal Transfixed.

Not till Marie was seventeen did the Cardinal again desire to see his ugly niece. Then he sent for her, in the hope that the convent life had imparted some charm to the Cinderella of her family. And when the demure young thing entered the Cardinal's apartment, amazement transfixed his face. Proudly His Eminence took the hand of his once ill-favoured niece, and kissed her. And no wonder! Marie Mancini was all but unrecognisable! As His Eminence looked at Marie, he could scarcely speak for astonishment. The nervous shyness of the callow had given place to a brilliant and confident smile; the yellow skin had taken on the freshness of blooming womanhood; the hollows had disappeared from her form, and a comely roundness of outline had taken their place; her eyes sparkled, and her whole demeanour spoke of the romantic hopes which years in the quiet repose of the convent had kindled.

Love and Louis XIV.

No longer was Cardinal Mazarin ashamed of Marie Mancini, and, full of pride in his niece, he gave her a place at Court, and introduced her to Louis XIV. Little, however, did His Eminence think that the boy-King would very soon find himself violently in love with Marie; yet so it happened. Marie Mancini, though never a "beauty," quickly filled the heart of the young monarch with sensations which he had never previously known. Yet he was no longer innocent of life's secrets. More than one coquette had initiated the boy-King into the fascinations of love. He had also been "in love," as he thought, several times. What was it, then, which brought him so quickly to the knees of Marie Mancini? Was it her extreme mobility of countenance, which seemed to portray every emotion within a few minutes?

Was it her pure olive complexion: her beautiful white teeth; her wonderful dancing; her brilliant wit, or her powers of coquetry? King Louis himself for a time could not fathom the secret. But true it was, that for months he was never at rest except in her presence. Day after day he called at Madame Mancini's lodgings, happy merely to look for a few moments upon the woman who enthralled him; delighted merely to receive her approving smile! Still a shy and callow youth, and little given to the tricks of gallantry with others, in the presence of Marie Mancini the wildness seemed to desert him, and he became the "grave and reverend seigneur," full of tender thoughtfulness and ardent longings. And his day-dreams were soon to be realised.

Making "a New Man" of a King.

Suddenly, before the romance of Marie Mancini and Louis XIV. had gone beyond pleasing friendship, Marie's mother died, and Louis was able to command her presence in the Court as a lady-in-waiting to his mother, Anne of Austria. Then began a short period of romantic association with the woman he loved, which undoubtedly made a "changed man" of the young monarch.

"To him Marie Mancini opened a world of heroes—heroes of love, heroes of constancy and self-effacement, heroes of glory. She revealed to him the sentiments great or subtle, passionate or noble, which made life precious. She reproved him for his ignorance, and constituted herself his preceptress, teaching him her own liquid Italian tongue, and filling his hands with poems, romances, and tragedies; reading to him herself verse and prose, in an amorous voice, with intonations which soothed or intoxicated him. She accustomed him to serious conversations with men of age and merit; prompted him to emulation; and aided him to acquire nobility and correctness of expression. To Marie was due the little taste for the arts which he possessed. But he owed her more than all that. She made him ashamed of being without ambition; without dreams either worthy or unworthy; without any desire more lofty than the choice of a costume or a *pas de ballet*—made him, in a word, remember that he was a King, and gave him the idea of being a great King. And Louis never forgot the lesson!"

King's Tears after his Lapses from Virtue.

Meanwhile, Marie Mancini was fast falling in love herself. And when at last, with tears in her eyes, she confessed to the King that he wholly possessed her heart, Louis was beside himself with delight. The reason for this was that he had never been previously loved. A sensitive youth, he had shed bucketsful of remorseful tears over every descent from the path of virtue, but he had always recognised that the ladies did his

bidding from motives of self rather than affection for their King. And when he discovered that the pure-minded girl who had wrought such changes in his notions of life and love was now the natural sharer of his life, his joy knew no bounds. Without further consideration he promised that she alone should share his throne, and, after many protestations, she consented to become his, and henceforth the happy pair were inseparable. The chase now forsaken, Louis XIV. gave himself over to the benign influence of Marie Mancini, and many golden days were spent with her as his sole companion. All France smiled upon the union, irregular though it was, for the destiny of the nation rested with its King, and the people felt that beneath the tutelage of the convent-bred girl, the young King's life would be ennobled, and the country blessed. But the dream of King and people was to be rudely dispelled!

A terrible blow for Marie Mancini.

Anno of Austria had long dreamed of a brilliant match for her son, and while he was dallying with Marie Mancini, he had grown to man's estate, and secretly a Royal bride had been found for him in Margaret of Savoy. The fact of the King's betrothal to the Savoyard princess upon Marie Mancini need scarcely be described. She was beside herself with grief. Fondly and closely the King pressed her to his breast, and swore by all the angels that he would wed none but her! But when Marie's back was turned the King's mother swore by all the gods that he should never wed Marie, and that he should espouse Margaret of Savoy. So everything was arranged, and the day came when Marie Mancini, almost prostrate with grief, had to set out in the retinue of the Queen-Mother to welcome the Italian princess. When the Royal party arrived at the meeting place, the princess had not arrived, so King Louis, eager to see his bride, went on in front. Imagine the consternation of Marie Mancini when the renegade King returned beaming to his mother, to tell her of the beauty and charm of his new princess from Savoy!

Struck dumb with mortification and dismay at the callousness of the King, Marie Mancini fell seriously ill, her life only being saved by the return of the King to her arms, and the abandonment of the proposed match with Margaret of Savoy. The Italian princess and her brother returned full of chagrin to Italy; and once again the sun shone upon the love of young Louis XIV. and Marie Mancini. The days that succeeded were the happiest in the lives of this romantic pair, for they had long since dedicated themselves to each other, and the entire defeat of the Queen-Mother's plans added zest and joyousness to their complete confidence in each other's constancy through all the storms of life.

The parting between Marie and Louis XIV.

No child was ever born of the union of Marie Mancini and Louis XIV. Perhaps that was the one kink in their happiness. For those delightful days were still doomed to a speedy end. Almost before they had heard the news, another foreign princess was on her way to France to wed the young King. This time it was an Infanta of Spain, and when Marie heard of the betrothal her heart nearly burst with anger. Wildly she flew to her uncle to beseech him to prevent the match. The Cardinal only told her not to be "a silly girl." Distraught, Marie flies to her Royal lover, to ask if it is all really true, and to tell him that she can never part with him. Equally distraught, Louis folds her to his breast, and calls upon the saints to witness his complete and life-long devotion to his faithful Marie. A little pacified, Marie goes off to her chamber to throw herself upon her bed, and weep till her eyes are red with tears. But while the parting is tearing at the heart-strings of the young pair, the train of the Infanta approaches Paris, and, lest the scheme for a Royal match be again spoilt, Marie is ordered off to La Rochelle, and given forty-eight hours to get quit of the Capital. Almost bereft of her senses, the poor girl is carried to a carriage, and soon the horses are taking her far away from the man she loves. At every stopping place fast riders arrive with loving messages from the King, who is now as miserable as his wretched mistress, and inconsolable now that she is away from him. In every letter Louis swears he will never wed the Infanta, but Marie Mancini knows him too well now to believe him, so weak is he in the hands of anybody but herself.

"Say everything you can that is horrid of Him!"

Once more, however, Marie was to meet the King. The Court having moved to Bayonne, the King could not restrain himself from commanding the presence of Marie. It was a passionate and a tearful meeting. The King shook with emotion as he clasped Marie once again in his arms, but he admitted that he must marry the Spaniard, and that his dream of love with Marie was ended. But still His Majesty pursued Marie with letters full of passionate protestations of affection. "No matter who he wedded, none could possess his love but she!" "No matter how rich or beautiful the Infanta, she would never share more than his throne!" "His heart was unalterably Marie's," and so on. At last the news came that the marriage had taken place, and that the King was "greatly in love with the Infanta!" Then Marie Mancini wrote to her sister Hortense, "Say everything you can that is horrid of him. Point out all his faults to me, that I may find relief for my aching heart!"

(To be continued.)

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435, Strand, W.C.

MODERN SPORT FOR MEN AND WOMEN.

That something would be done to clip the wings of Rhodes Scholars at Oxford before long was hinted at in these notes a few weeks ago. Whether that inspired the action of the Oxford University Athletic Club I do not know, of course,



MR. H. S.
MALIK,
THE INDIAN
GOLFER, WHO
PLAYS FOR
OXFORD UNIVERSITY
IN A TURBAN.

The recent farce of the Freshmen's sports all won by Rhodes Scholars has had one good effect, and a rule has been passed that in future no athlete can take part in the Freshmen's sports who has been previously at any other University. He is *ipso facto* not a Freshman.

RHODES SCHOLARS AT OXFORD.

Many old-time athletes who have had their triumphs confirmed by this ruling, and say that it is making Oxford a place for the English boy only. Was there ever greater twaddle? The Rhodes Scholar is one who has won distinction in sport in another clime, and whose intellectual faculties are above the average. He may be a veritable Admirable Crichton in intellect, but he cannot become a Rhodes Scholar unless his physical attributes have also made him a noteworthy man. Admitting that, he must of necessity be of superior merit from the Eton, Harrow, Repton, Rugby or Winchester youth, although he has been well grounded in his athletics, he is put in most of his time at cricket and footer, or on the field, in becoming as advanced as possible in the things that are the matter in University sporting life. I say without fear of contradiction that many a Grammar-school boy is better grounded in athletics than the public school boy for that reason. What triumph can it be then for the Rhodes Scholar to sweep the board at the Freshmen's sports? As a try-out it is valueless, and even detrimental to the interests of the 'Varsity, because it tends to discourage the young athlete, and may make him turn to other pursuits, getting that he, a boy of 18 or 19, could hardly expect to compete successfully against a fully fledged athlete who has likely as not won one or two national championships before coming to England.

Of course, the barring of Rhodes Scholars for the Freshmen's sports does not in any way disqualify them for the University sports, in which their chances of getting a blue. Those sports are open to the best men at the Universities, and only merit counts in awarding the coveted honour of representing one's Alma Mater against the rival seat of learning at Cambridge.

THE AGE LIMIT.

Another resolution passed at the same time does not seem so necessary. It is to the effect that no man over 24

should represent Oxford in the annual Inter-'Varsity sports. We are told this rule has been passed to equalise affairs between Oxford and Cambridge, for the Rhodes Scholar may easily be a man of 30 or over. But I should think that Cambridge athletes would resent having a man barred for their especial benefit. When Oxford and Cambridge meet it should be the best at both 'Varsities, and the spoils to the victors.

'VARSITY RUGGER.

After all Rhodes Scholars do not make or mar University sport, and in no case do they affect the Rugger match this year, which takes place on December 9th. I shall have a final chance of summarising the chances of the teams, but at the moment it looks like all Lombard Street to a China Orange on Cambridge. Their latest success against Newport was a brilliant one, and Lowe's tries, which made the victory possible, were wonderful efforts, which will be spoken of for years by those who saw them.

The great try was scored shortly before the end, and won the match for the Light Blues. De Villiers started the bout of passing close to his own goal-line. He flung the ball to Lewis after drawing two of the defence. A good run by Lewis followed, and when the Newport defence had concentrated on him he passed to Baxter, who immediately transferred to Lowe, who was by this time travelling at absolutely top speed. In spite of being challenged he went straight through the Newport defence, after as beautiful a swerving run as ever was seen on the football field.

THE RECORDS OF THE TEAMS.

Up to the time of writing these notes Cambridge have played twelve matches, won ten, lost one and drawn one, and have aggregated 245 points to 106. Oxford have played the same number of matches, won six, lost five and drawn one, and have scored 137 points to 100.

The figures would suggest that attack and not defence is the Cambridge fifteen's strongest asset, for they have usually piled up a big score, and had a good few points chalked up against them. As a matter of fact they have lost more points than Oxford, more than twice as many as the Harlequins, and nearly twice as many as Blackheath. Yet, with it all, they will go into the fray with Oxford, the champion team of the year, and will be hot favourites.

Still, the game at Queen's Club has often been lost by the better side on contemporary form. It is a match in which the personal element figures very largely, and both Bain, the Oxford skipper, and Cumberlege, of Cambridge, can be congratulated on having got two fine sides together.

THE TRIAL INTER- NATIONALS.

There is little grouching as yet against the composition of the first English side for the Rugby trial match England v. The South, at Twickenham on December 6th. The University players have not been considered in view of the 'Varsity match, which is in itself a trial game for the Rugby Union selectors, for it serves to demonstrate how intense excitement influences a man's play for good or ill.

Most of the other choices were obvious. W. R. Johnston seemed a certainty for the position of back, and the selectors who left out R. W. Poulton and F. M. Stoop from the three-quarter line would have been accused of lunacy; and J. A. King and C. H. Pillman are in the forward line. By the way, it is interesting to note that Poulton, who has been playing fine football for Liverpool this season, is training with the Manchester United players at Old Trafford.



HAROLD FLEMING
OF WHOM IT IS AGAIN
RUMOURED THAT HE IS TO
LEAVE SWINDON TOWN.

INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

The Football Association learned nothing they did not know from their trial match at Fulham on Monday last, when two good sides played good but eminently dull football against one another for an hour and a half, and neither made any reputations or marred any. Perhaps the one thing that was manifested was the fact that England can call upon T. C. Burn, of the London Caledonians, to fill Bob Crompton's place at full back in case of emergency.

The last amateurs to play back for England were W. J. Oakley and C. B. Fry, who played against Ireland in 1901. It was Fry's only cap, but Oakley played sixteen times, and

in all three matches in 1901. Other famous amateurs to play back for England were the best pair that ever played for any country—A. M. and P. M. Walters.

Of the England side the following are almost certain to figure in the next trial at Sunderland against the North: Hardy, goal; Crompton and Pennington, backs; McCall centre-half; Fleming, Hampton, Holley and Hodgkinson, forwards. Of the South side, Grimsdell may come in at left half, in which case Watson, of Burnley, will most likely play for the North. He was prevented from playing for England on Monday by being crocked, and Utley, the £2,000 transferee, took his place.

As right-half Cuggy may be persevered with, but the Sunderland man, although a brilliant

club performer, does not shine in these representative games. Will the Rev. K. R. G. Hunt, who played on stoutly to the end of Monday's game against two such wonderfully clever forwards as Holley and Hodgkinson, get the place in the next trial of right-half for England, and Cuggy get another chance for the North? This is by way of a suggestion with all due humility to the autocrats of the F.A. Selection Committee.

Simpson was left over for the North trial. The Blackburn Rovers outside right had been on the crocked list, and moreover did not want trying. Walden was hurt in the match with Everton on the Saturday, and the 'Spurs' wizard could not play in the position as chosen, and Jephcott, of the Albion, came into the side. There is little in it between Walden, Simpson and Jephcott, so perhaps the best move of the F.A. will be to play Walden for England and Simpson for the North at Sunderland. That would give us the following side: Hardy, goal; Crompton and Pennington backs; Rev. K. R. G. Hunt, McCall and Grimsdell, half-backs; Walden, Fleming, Hampton, Holley and Hodgkinson, forwards.

For the North one might pick the following: Williamson, goal; Hobson (Sunderland) and Stacey (Manchester United), backs; Cuggy (Sunderland), Whalley (Manchester United) and Watson (Burnley), half-backs; Simpson (Blackburn Rovers), Shea (Blackburn Rovers), Elliott (Middlesbrough), Fox (Bradford City) and Martin (Sunderland), forwards. I am not absolutely certain that Fox, Martin and Hobson are qualified by English birth, but I fancy they are.

M.C.C. IN SOUTH AFRICA.

The M.C.C. team in South Africa are doing finely, nearly all the players seeming to be on the top of their game. In their match with Cape Province the bowling honours in the first innings were shared by J. W. H. T. Douglas (4 for 25) and Rhodes (4 for 54), Barnes getting the other two for 25. In the second innings Barnes, who has quite recovered

from his indisposition, was quite unplayable, and got 7 for 25, and Relf 3 for 35.

Douglas is apparently giving them all plenty of practice, a wise move seeing that there is not a very great deal of first-class variety in the attack, although nearly all the team can bowl quite well. So far as batting is concerned everything is *couleur de rose*, and Hobbs, with his average of 100, is well backed up by some half dozen others. He made 170 against Cape Province in the most attractive manner.

RETURN OF VARDON AND RAY.

Harry Vardon and Ted Ray have been reticent of criticism on things American. They don't like the pressmen of the country, they don't like the courses which are too simple, and they are a bit tired after 30,000 miles of travelling and many matches. Both of them say how glad they are to be home again.

A LOSS TO THE L.A.C.

The sudden death of Mr. Harry Venn, of the London Athletic Club, will be a great shock to his many friends all over the country. L.A.C. meetings will suffer much by the loss of his cheery personality. He was tremendously keen on "fair walking" and in his time probably pulled out more men for lifting than any other official. He would have had more out, but the fact that Harry was officiating kept most of them much on their guard.

JACK JOHNSON—WRESTLER.

Jack Johnson's first appearance in a match for a considerable time took place at Paris on Tuesday last, when he beat Urbach, the German, in two straight falls in 11 mins. 19secs. and 10 mins. 3secs. The boxing champion must be pretty fit to have beaten Urbach, who is a pretty useful wrestler. The spectators did not like some of the German's methods and pelted him with oranges and copper coins. This so incensed Urbach that he rushed at Johnson and struck him on the face. Johnson at once retaliated, and a free fight ensued, which ended in the police clearing the hall and making many arrests.

THE CHIEL AMANG YE.

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£1 a week for life is what we are offering in connection with the Fifth Football Competition. On the back page of this issue is a list of 100 football competition coupons containing a list of 100 names to be played on Saturday, January 3rd. One of these coupons will carry off our "£1 a week for life" prize. In addition, we offer a week for twelve months to the nearest correct, and 5s. a week for twelve months to the newsagent whose name and address appear on the coupon which is successful in securing our first prize.

The coupon will also appear in our issues dated December 13, 20, and January 3rd.

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Further particulars on back page.

Plain Talk to Young Business Men.

Brains and business capacity may be level in two men, but if one of them is of insignificant appearance it is an immense handicap his business career.

The Governor has two young men in his eye for promotion, both reliable, active, good style, and full of the details of the business.

Of the two, he rather fancies Brown, but, unfortunately, he is small of stature and puny. Smith is not quite so good an all-round man for the job, but he is a big, strong, manly fellow who can walk into any office or warehouse and command attention.

Five-foot-eleven and broad shoulders cannot be kept waiting as easily as five-six with a poor chest: Result is, the hearty chap gets home, even if he is not quite so brainy.

If you want promotion, put your whole heart into the business, forget the clock, wear neat clothes, and **do your best to have height, breadth, and good health to put into the clothes.**

I can do the latter for you. By means of my special exercises I have increased the height and breadth and materially benefited the general health of hundreds of students in all parts of the world, and I shall send any interested reader letters from them to prove my assertion, with the full names and addresses of the writers. Space is limited here, but the following are two of many similar testimonies to the efficacy of my methods:—

Miss E. L. (Muswell Hill), writes: "I now write to thank you for the benefit I have received both in health and height from your system. I have gained three inches in height."

E. P. W. (Wolverhampton) writes: "Since adopting your course I have added approximately three inches to my height."

I do not ask you to make any drastic change in your diet, your smoking or your style of life, and all the time that you are required to devote to my exercises is ten minutes each morning and evening.

I use no drugs and no apparatus, and my exercises are of such a kind that there is no possibility of overstrain.

Write to me to-day, enclosing three penny stamps, for particulars of my unrivalled system.

ARTHUR GIRVAN,

The Six-foot Specialist.

Dept. M., 17, Stroud Green Road, London, N.



STOCKS AND SHARES.

BY "ORTHOS," THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

Last week I mentioned that it only required a little buying to put Home Railway Stock quickly better.

The public seem to be at last realising the cheapness of much of the stock in this market, and with the prospects of improved dividends in many companies there has been quite a respectable amount of business doing.

Great Northern issues have been favoured, the Deferred Stock having put on a point during the week.

To date the Great Northern has a traffic increase of £350,000, which should reach about £400,000 by the end of the year.

It is quite possible that the dividend on Great Northern Deferred will be increased by 3 or 3½ per cent., and on its present price the yield would be over 6 per cent.

Other attractive stocks among Home Rails are Brighton Deferred and South Eastern Deferred as dividend payers, or Great Central Pref. and Districts for a gamble.

There has been plenty of fighting going on in the last few days in Mexico, but it has made little difference in the price of the stock of the Mexican Railway, which goes to prove that there is a very big bear account open.

The company's revenue statement for October shows an increase of \$184,000, so it is evident this line has been little affected by the revolution.

The Swift Cycle Company have just issued their report, which shows that the Company are now doing very big business.

For the thirteen months to September 30th, the Company announce a dividend at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum, against 6 per cent. last year.

It is, moreover, interesting to note that the Swift directors state that the cash value of the orders for motor cars and cycle cars received by the company in the last two months for delivery during the current season exceeds the total output by 50 per cent. In view of the great expansion of business the directors are offering the 20,000 unissued £1 Ordinary shares to the existing Ordinary shareholders.

The Oil market has spent a somewhat quiet week, but Premier Pipes have improved, and there is a good deal of business doing in North Caucasian Oil Fields.

Spies have been somewhat droopy in connection with rumours that the Company are contemplating a new issue of a quarter of a million, but I have been unable to get confirmation of this at the time of writing.

I understand that the West Caucasian Oil Fields issue has been largely over-subscribed, and the letters of allotment and regret have all been posted.

Messrs. S. Pearson and Son, Ltd., must be having a somewhat anxious time just now, as a wireless message reports that some of the oil wells in Tuxpan have been shut down owing to Mexican fighting in the district, but it is understood that no pipe lines or storage tanks on the oil property have been destroyed or injured.

We learn that the contract arranged by Lord Murray to develop the Oil resources of Columbia has been withdrawn owing to the political feeling that has been engendered by the negotiations.

Americans are once more on the up-grade, with Union Pacifics a feature, the stock having touched 156 after being as low as 152 last week.

I think Eries might be again bought at their present price of about 27½ dollars.

Conditions in the mining market are as unsatisfactory as ever, but during the last day or two there have been signs of some improvements again in the Rhodesian section, where numerous small rises have been shown.

Numerous tin shares have weakened, but Malayan Dredgings have been a good spot.

I give below my selection of Gilt Edged Securities for this week.

GILT EDGED SECURITIES.

Queensland Government 4 per cent. Loan at 99½ yields £4 1s. 3d. per cent.

Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway 3 per cent. R. at 72½ yields £4 4s. od. per cent.

Bombay Baroda Railway Guaranteed Stock at 105½ yields £4 5s. per cent.

North British Railway 4 per cent. 1904 Pref. at 93½ yields £4 6s. 3d. per cent.

I shall be pleased to forward the name and address of a member of the London Stock Exchange to any reader wishing to buy or sell shares.

BRIEF REPLIES.

Chartered (Rochdale).—Hold on to your Simmer Deep. The present low price is owing to the strike in Johannesburg, and general stagnation in the mining market. This is one of the Goldfields Company, and they have an enormous amount of ore of low grade. I look for a rise in the price of these shares as soon as interest revives in the market. Cobalt Town sites are worth holding.

Speculator.—I should advise you not to touch mining shares; instead, have a deal in some of the great speculative home railway stock, such as Little Chats, Great Central Preferred, South Eastern, or Great Northern Deferred.

H. H. (Leicester).—Sheba Gold paid dividends amounting to 17½ per cent. for the last financial year; the shares are worth buying.

F. R. (Glasgow).—I can strongly recommend Mexican Railway, Vera Cruz stock, if you can afford to take it up, but not otherwise.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR WILL BE PLEASED TO ANSWER ANY ENQUIRY BY POST ON RECEIPT OF P.O. FOR SIXPENCE, OR BY WIRE, ONE SHILLING.

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EVERY SMOKER would save money by writing for our list. Liberal Introductory Packages Free.—Empire Tobaccos, 10 South Street, London.

GRAMOPHONE. 20-guinea handsome, hornless, inlaid Sheraton cabinet, height 4ft., record cupboard, completely enclosed, on wheels; purchased April; with records, £5 10s. Approval willingly.—5, Aubert Park, Highbury, London.

When replying to Advertisements, please mention "Modern Life."

IT'S YOUR BODY WE WANT.

The annual meeting of the Royal College of Surgeons took place last week, when a wail went up that more "subjects" or "passive patients" were needed by the medical students for carving purposes. Sir Victor Horsley said that was a matter of vital importance, and eloquently urged upon the Home Office the extreme necessity of meeting this demand with an immediate supply of snuffed "humans."

Below are a few letters that have reached us on this question:

Sir,—While the future of British medicine is at stake, and while we are menaced, through the lack of a few pounds of foreign quack, I submit a scheme calling upon all good clean-bodied Englishmen, not for a subscription, but for their good-will and bodily assistance in a Great Cause. We want volunteers of an adventurous type to go through (for them) an entirely new experience, and the motto of our cause is "Good 'Subjects'—Good Prices." We do not even call upon married men; they make bad subjects with their craggy figures and disordered nerves. The scale of remuneration would probably be £10 for a body complete with testicles, £5 for a leg (the pieces of which would be returned reserved in spirits), £2 for a light, £1 for an appendix, and so on in proportion. This scheme, in addition to its great scientific value, thus opens up a new source of wealth to the nation.

A (VERY) YOUNG MEDICAL STUDENT.

* * *

Dere Mister Editor.—Wot you ses about them subjiks. Why don't the parlyment give a thick 'un a time for 'em, 'ing 'em up to the house in a sack, an' no qweshuns arskt. 'ayd git plenty then from rownd our way.

JEM BLUDGEON (Rotherhithe).

* * *

Sir,—I know little about the matter of a regular supply of "subjects," but I can suggest one: a despoiler of homes, a welsker of lands, a double-dyed scoundrel, a two-faced working hypocrite, a blood-sucking taffied demagogue (or "demi-god"?), whom I would gladly drag by the heels through the streets of London up to your very dissecting tables, aye, and joy in my task. I enclose the patient's name.

Yours, trembling with rage,
COL. BLUNDEN, J.P., M.P.

* * *

Dear Sir,—We can't spare our soldiers, but why not our soldiers. The Government could pension off every tenth soldier and then relieve him of his pension. Besides, they are strong and healthy fellows.

Yours obediently,
"ALL FOR SCIENCE."

* * *

Sir,—At last: a use for the useless. The pampered class has not been pampered and fattened for nothing. Bring them the fatted calves.

Yours exultantly,
JIM BARKIN.

* * *

Dear Sir,—What about those bally common fellows one sometimes sees working in the roadways on weekdays with a front shirt amongst them? There seem to be so many of them knocking about and getting in one's beastly way, a few might be put to this useful object. Eh! What?

ARCHIBALD VERE DE VERE.

* * *

Dear Sir,—I cannot bear to see any one of God's creatures, not a fly, suffer in the slightest, and it is wicked that poor empty-headed students.

fact, I feel the subjects for the experimenter's knife should be picked from amongst the students themselves, and with great joy I would gladly carry out the first piece of my plan.

Your heart-wrenched reader,
MARY MINDALL HAGGLEDAY.

* * *

The letter is a puzzle to us and is written by one who calls himself "G.B.S." and runs simply:—
How about the critics?"

CORRESPONDENTS' BUREAU.

The Editor will be pleased to answer readers' queries through this column.

V. Lucas (New Zealand).—Thanks for informative articles on emigration to N.Z., but these are scarcely in our line.

J. C. (Glasgow).—You would probably get great benefit from regular use of a fairly "strong" pair of Sandow's Grip Dumb-bells.

J.O.S. (Torquay).—Yes, White, Fisher, and Co., are one of the best firms of Football Accountants in Switzerland.

P.W.F. (8th Hussars, Lucknow).—Thanks for yarn. Am always looking for good stories, particularly true ones, but this particular "gag" has been overworked I am afraid, although the "trimmings" are somewhat different.

Mrs. G. (Blackpool).—Sorry. Better luck next time.

A.H.S. (Birkdale), and others.—Cannot enter into any correspondence re Football Competitions. Results are always announced at earliest possible moment, and competitors must wait for publication in the paper.

C. H. (Burnley).—The so-called "tango" now being performed in London is nothing like the real Parisian Tango. The Parisian Tango would not be tolerated for two months in London.

N.B. (Ilford).—Not being film producers, we cannot really pass an opinion on your MSS. We don't think, however, any film company extant would go to the expense of providing an earthquake for so weak a plot.

M.R. (Seacombe).—Have nothing to do with the firm you mention, but we can recommend Messrs. White, Fisher, and Co., 5, Rue de Commerce, Geneva, Switzerland.

P.J. (Stockton).—Your best plan would be to place your novelty in the hands of some reliable manufacturer, but it is too late this year, as most of the Christmas novelties are now on the market.

O.L. (Folkestone).—Your initials indicate our ejaculation when we read your story.

Miss G. (Leeds).—You have posted his ring, and now want it back. Such is woman. Your only salvation lies in the Suffragettes attacking the pillar-box wherein lies your letter. Even then it might survive the acid test.

L.H. (Manchester).—Wishes to know "How to get on the stage." Simply walk up the steps leading from the auditorium.

T.D.A. (Exmouth).—Do we think you could earn a living gilding picture frames? No; but we once knew a man who made a fortune silvering pills for wedding-cakes.

Harry B. (Stratford).—You should try an old established firm, such as White, Fisher, and Co., 5 Rue de Commerce, Geneva, Switzerland.

Master T.B. (Highgate).—The cinemas have fired your imagination. You want to become a cowboy? Um—buy a cow!

B.E. (Tooting).—Your outbreak of "humorous" verse has found its natural home, the W.P.B. Couldn't find a scent of humour in it, though the office bloodhound was engaged on the job for a whole day.

C.B. (Cardiff).—Trust them not, oh gentle reader! There is more in it than meets the eye.

S.M. (Croydon).—Typed MSS is not absolutely imperative, but it has a better chance of being read by an editor.



in each copy of

Bowerman's Dressmaker

GRAND WINTER NUMBER.

On sale at all newsagents

Bowerman's Dressmaker is the most attractive fashion paper published each month. The Dressmaking lesson makes it simple for the Amateur to make her own clothes. All the designs are of the latest fashions for winter and simple to make up. Price 2d., of all newsagents or Bookstalls, or direct for three penny stamps, from The Publishers.

Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, E.C.

RACING.

BY "OBSERVER."

It was unfortunate that the flat racing year of 1913 should terminate in the manner it did at Manchester, where the best part of the programme was fogged out; and the unsatisfactory wind-up will serve to swell the already long list of unsavoury incidents in a remarkably gloomy season. Dalmatian's success in the November Handicap was not nearly such a surprising result as those we have had to contend with in most of the big races, and quite a number of people were on Mr. L. Winans's horse.

To glance down the list of winnings of our leading owners is indeed to consider a rosy side of the game when one sees what huge fortunes are to be amassed by the aid of one or two crack thoroughbreds. But when one considers the cost of racing on a large scale, and then the possibilities of a lean year, and the disappointments in the way of unrealised ambitions, it is apparent that stake money is a long way from being clear profit. The statistics for the past season show that His Majesty has won with three horses five races valued at £4,480. It may be taken for granted that the King is practically certain to win more races than this next year, for, as I mentioned last week, there are some very promising yearlings now under Marsh's charge.

Mr. J. B. Joel, who always figures prominently in the list of winning owners, is at the head of affairs with £25,115 to his name. Mr. Joel's principal winner was Jest, victor in the One Thousand Guineas and the Oaks, this good filly—without doubt the best of her age—crediting him with £11,350. Those smart juveniles—Parhelion, Black Jester and Happy Warrior—collected between them stakes amounting to £5,745.

That famous sire, Desmond, now dead, figures at the head of the winning stallions, his progeny having accounted for £30,973. Aboyeur, Stornoway, Fairy King, Hapsburg, and Craganour claim parentage from the champion sire.

Winners were pretty evenly distributed among the jockeys, and with 115 successful rides, D. Maher heads the list for the first time since 1908. Frank Wootton would have made a bold bid for first place but for increasing weight; but as it was the champion of 1909, 1910, 1911 and 1912 had

to be content with second place, his winners numbering 91. Still, Frank had the best percentage of winners, and his record of 882 successes in the eight years he has ridden in this country will allow him to look back on his career in the saddle with pride. Wootton's retirement from flat racing when still in his teens, is greatly to be regretted, for the turf can ill afford to lose such an artist.

The National Hunt season proper opened fairly briskly last week, with backers enjoying better fortune than had been their lot on the flat. The sport over the sticks appears likely to meet with more support than in recent years, and the prospects of better racing than we have been used to are distinctly good. The fact that many owners are persevering with the policy of giving their faint-hearted horses a turn of hurdling adds interest to the game.

A course of jumping frequently improves a flat-racer, as the recent cases of Braxted and Willaura prove. By the way, I hear that Mr. Sol. Joel will probably send his disappointing horse, Fantasio, to Batho's establishment for a turn of jumping, and if the son of Count Schomberg and Jean's Folly takes kindly to it he is certain to win good races.

At Birmingham on Monday Spectral should score in the Guernsey Handicap Hurdle, Pin Money in the Stechford Selling Hurdle and General Picton in the Three-Year-Old Hurdle. On Tuesday the Sutton Handicap Hurdle may be won by Some Night, the Tamworth Handicap Steeplechase by Orangeville, and the King's Norton Handicap Steeplechase by Shanawan.

Lingfield Park commences on Wednesday, when the Southern Counties Handicap Steeplechase may fall to Bridge IV., the Winter Handicap Hurdle to Silver Cherry, and the Cobham Three-Year-Old Hurdle to Teigne of the Lee. On the following day Rhuddlan should win the Year's End Handicap Steeplechase, Cannock Lass the Hever Hurdle Handicap, and Glenvictor the Open Hunter's Handicap Steeplechase.

The sport at Sandown Park on Friday and Saturday should prove to be excellent. Shaccabac may secure the Annual Handicap Steeplechase on the opening day, Foxglove III. the Three-Year-Old Hurdle, and Lord Rivers the Ewell Handicap Steeplechase. If Covertcoat—this year's Grand National winner—makes an appearance in the Sandown Handicap Steeplechase on Saturday he should score. In his absence Ballyhackle may win. Prince San should take the Milburn Maiden Hurdle, and Enthusiastic Lad the Selling Hurdle.

For 40 years Mr. HUGO, the most SUCCESSFUL LANGUAGE SPECIALIST living, has been teaching Languages, and studying the difficulties of many thousands of pupils. This course is the result of daily experiment to one end—to make Languages easy of acquirement, to teach ONLY WHAT IS REALLY ESSENTIAL, and to teach that thoroughly. HUGO'S 1913 SELF-TUITION COURSE gives a practical mastery of the important part of the language in an incredibly short time, and enables even those entirely ignorant of French, German, or Spanish to form hundreds of real live sentences from the first lesson.

Would you like to speak, read, write, and understand

French, German or

It is so easy by

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2/6 Monthly for One Year. 2/6
Or 27/- payable in advance, each language.

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THE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

The very mild weather continuing so late in the season having a bad effect upon winter trade. Furs are a slump far, and asking a well-known West-End tailor how he and winter business, he replied "There is no winter business. I have not cut into one piece of real winter cloth yet."

One should remember that as the seasons go now the rest of the weather comes after Christmas, and make arrangements and preparations accordingly. Order your coat, warm, easy-fitting and comfortable winter coat now. I know not the day nor the hour when the cold snap cometh, and my timely warning, if followed, may save you a thundering bad cold.

One should like to call the attention of shirt makers to the question of the average length of an average man's arm. For years than I care to think of I have gone to one firm for my shirts. The fronts sit snugly in evening dress, no bulges, no droop at front. The sleeves are the right length to show enough, and not too much, cuff. Comfortable and workmanlike in every way.

Recently, in an emergency, I was obliged to buy a ready-made shirt. I went to a good shop, the assistant took every measure as to chest and neck measure, but when I put the shirt on I found that the sleeves were a good three inches longer than they need be, in fact the cuffs came down to cover my hands.

I compared notes with some friends and found they had the same trouble. Why should shirt makers put all this extra material into their products? I believe I am correct in saying that it is a mistake very commonly made and a universal avoidance of it would save thousands of yards of material and myriads of cuss words.

Another word about shirts, or the cuffs attached to them. Sometimes see these cut actually wider than the cuff of the shirt, the result being that the stiff linen cuff holds that of the coat, with a stiff and ungainly angle. Here again is a waste of material with no advantage, indeed with disadvantage.

When cuffs are better to err on the side of being a little narrower, rather than too wide. A very neat style is where a slightly diamond shape is produced, the centre being cut in rather than the ends.

Re cuffs. I do not see why the ordinary man has his shirts with cuffs attached. This is all right where Park Lane puts on a clean shirt in the morning and discards it in the laundry when dressing for dinner, and so on, ad infinitum. Half a day of London wear soils the cuffs, and I commend the man of moderate income who wishes to be neat and tidy to have bands only on shirt sleeves and wear detachable cuffs, which can be turned, clean ends foremost and as required.

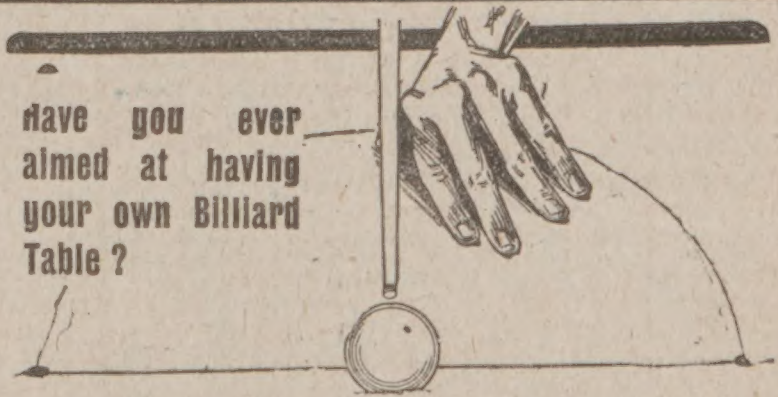
I have mentioned before, the Raglan sleeve and shoulder cutting into fashion once more, but it is not a style suited to every figure. The very thin man and the man of moderate poor shoulders should avoid the Raglan shoulder, and should the fat man. The first two look as if there was nothing of them, and the latter looks podgy.

Reading advertisements are sometimes funny. A very good firm gives a sketch of an overcoat with a foot-note, "How in the sketch the coat swings slightly into and away from the figure." I saw this sketch and read this as I sat at breakfast, and although I looked long and at the sketch I could not detect that "swing into and away from the figure."

Evening I was out at a bachelor dinner and our host nobly. I got home feeling as if I owned Liberty's side of Regent Street, so mixed myself still another brandy and sat down to study that sketch and its in and out

You may believe me or you may believe me not, and I care not which, but it took three more mixings of alcohol before I could get that "swing" to work, and I there and then wrote the eminent firm requesting them either to hire me to write their tailoring advertisements or put less painful problems into them.

Have you ever
aimed at having
your own Billiard
Table?



If not, it is perhaps because you feel you have not a room large enough. But this need not prevent you having Billiards at home.

RILEY'S BILLIARD TABLES

are made in sizes to suit all rooms, and every size is built in true proportion.

Billiard Tables (To place on your own Dining Table,) as illustrated.

Superior Billiard Table in Solid Mahogany, French Polished, Best Slate Bed, Adjustable Feet, Rubber Shod, Low Frost-proof Rubber Cushions, Two Cues, Marking Board, Rest, Ivory or Crystalate Balls, etc.

Size 4ft. 4in. x 2ft. 4in.	£3 7 6	Or in 13 Monthly Payments;	13 M'thly Paym'ts of 5/6
Size 5ft. 4in. x 2ft. 10in.	4 7 6	only 5 % addition to Cash Price.	7/0
Size 6ft. 4in. x 3ft. 4in.	5 5 0		8/6
Size 7ft. 4in. x 3ft. 10in.	7 5 0		11/6
Size 8ft. 4in. x 4ft. 4in.	10 0 0		16/0

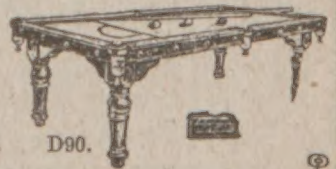
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Fitted with Riley's Patent Action for raising, lowering, and levelling. A handsome piece of furniture as a Dining Table and a high-class Billiard Table. Made in Mahogany, Oak, Walnut, etc. Prices range from £13 10s. to £32, according to size of Table. Cash or Easy Payments. Full details in List sent on application. List Free. No charge for Packages. Folding Bagatelle Boards from 30/-.

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FREE on receipt of post-card, full detailed illustrated Catalogue of Billiard & Dining Tables and small or full-sized Tables and Sundries.

Showing Billiard Table Placed on Dining Table.



INCREASE YOUR HEIGHT several inches. **7/6**
Cheapest and best system. Never fails. Price only 7/6 complete. Get it to-day.
M. ROSS, 16, LANGDALE ROAD, SCARBOROUGH.

Let us send one for you **PACKED PLAIN** as an XMAS GIFT.



In Polished 6-ply Oak, **5/9**
Carriage paid U.K. per Parcels Post, 11lbs. Extra Heavy Press to take 6 pair in 8-ply Oak, Heavily nickel-plated fittings, 8/6 carriage paid, weight 14 lbs.

WE SAVE YOU 50 per cent. Trousers Pressers and Stretchers, in handsome unbreakable 6-ply POLISHED OAK Heavily Plated Fly Nuts and Powerful Steel pressbars as shown. Full length. Take 4 pairs, Guaranteed 5 years, sent on 7 days' approval, Post dated Cheque or Money Order can be sent for approx. Send for Illustrated List Free. A superior shaped Coat Hanger, 6d. extra, if bought with Press.
SIMPLEX MANUFACTURING CO. (H. CLIPSON, Manager).
66, BALHAM HILL, LONDON, S.W.
HALF-GUINEA TIE PRESSERS AND STRETCHERS, 4/6 each, carriage paid



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A New Year's Gift! £208

a
year
for

LIFE

WHAT READERS HAVE TO DO TO WIN IT.

On this page is given an entry form containing the names of football clubs engaged in matches on Saturday, Jan. 3rd, 1914, and for the first prize of £4 a week for life you have to draw a line in ink through the name of the club you forecast will lose. Where you predict a draw we receive an entrance form showing the correct results of the matches given in the coupon we will award £208 a year for life. In the event of no set of forecasts received representing the whole of the correct results, 10s. a week for twelve months will be paid to the competitor whose effort is nearest correct. Entry forms must be filled up in ink; erasures or alterations will disqualify the form; and in the event of a tie or ties, the prizes will be divided.

CONDITIONS GOVERNING THE COMPETITION.

(1) On the coupon appearing on this page you will find the names of teams playing in twenty matches on Saturday, January 3rd, 1914. Cross out the names of the teams you predict will lose. Where you forecast a draw don't cross out either name.

(2) Having done this, fill in your name and address in the space provided, cut out the entrance form and send it addressed to MODERN LIFE, No. 5 Football Competition, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. The entrance form must reach us not later than first post on Friday, January 2nd. Any arriving later will be disqualified.

(3) Readers can send in as many coupons as they like. No employee of the firm can enter the competition.

(4) The prize of £208 a year for life will be awarded to the competitor whose Entry Form represents the correct solutions of all the matches played, but if the whole of the twenty matches are not played the £4 a week for life prize will be reduced to one of 10s. a week for 12 months.

(5) In the event of no Entrance Form containing all correct solutions, 10s. a week for 12 months will be paid to the sender of the Entrance Form nearest to the correct results.

(6) In the event of a tie, or ties, in this Competition, the prizes will be equally divided.

(7) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss or non-delivery of any effort, and evidence of posting will not be accepted as evidence of receipt.

(8) No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, neither will interviews be granted.

(9) Any coupon on which any alteration of any description has been made or fictitious name given will be disqualified.

(10) Scottish readers who are domiciled in Scotland are precluded from entering this competition, and no coupon bearing a Scottish address can be accepted.

MODERN LIFE FOOTBALL CONTEST.—No. 5.

Matches to be played on Saturday, January 3rd, 1914. Cross out in ink—the name of the team you forecast will lose. For a draw do not cross out either name.

BLACKBURN
BOLTON
BRADFORD CITY
CHELSEA
EVERTON
SUNDERLAND
WEST BROMWICH
BLACKPOOL
CLAPTON
GRIMSBY
LINCOLN CITY
NOTTS FOREST
WOOLWICH
HUDDERSFIELD
CRYSTAL PALACE
MERTHYR
PLYMOUTH
READING
WEST HAM
WATFORD

v. ASTON VILLA.
v. MANCHESTER UNITED.
v. MIDDLESBROUGH.
v. OLDHAM ATHLETIC.
v. NEWCASTLE.
v. LIVERPOOL.
v. PRESTON.
v. BARNLEY.
v. GLOSSOP.
v. LEICESTER.
v. BURY.
v. HULL.
v. WOLVES.
v. FULHAM.
v. MILLWALL.
v. QUEEN'S PARK RANGERS.
v. SWINDON.
v. EXETER CITY.
v. BRISTOL ROVERS.
v. BRIGHTON.

I agree to abide by the conditions governing this Competition, and to accept as final the result published in *Modern Life*. I enter the Competition on this distinct understanding.

Signature

Address

Newsagent's Name

Address

SEND IN AS MANY COUPONS AS YOU LIKE.

This is the wonderful Magneto Belt that has made thousands of sufferers strong, healthy and vigorous.

I WILL
SEND
YOU
ONE
FOR
1/-
ONLY.
(See Coupon below.)



From the moment when you put it on you begin to feel its Magnetic Power bracing you up, and your body absorbs naturally and freely the Magnetism which it contains. Think of the joy of being free of pain, from being strong and vigorous, of being brimful of life, courage, and vitality! Then read the simple, straightforward and honest offer I make you in the coupon below. Don't stay weak and depressed. Write for a Belt to-day and begin to feel its marvellous powers building up your strength every hour that you wear it.

The weak can now be made Strong. The anguish of Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica can be speedily and permanently banished; Weak Nerves can be built up and made strong; Mind-Wandering can be cured, so can Involuntary Blushing. Lost Will-Power can be regained and the whole human body can be rebuilt and revitalised by means of my marvellous Magneto Belt.

People who were crippled with pain, well-nigh crazy with depression, down-hearted, ambitionless, weak-spirited, weak-willed, and miserable, have now been changed into strong, vigorous, courageous men and women; healthy and happy, restored to New Life, simply by wearing my MAGNETO BELT. I want every man or woman lacking in health, strength, and vitality to test my "New-Life" MAGNETO BELT.

TEST IT AT MY EXPENSE.

I want you to test the Belt first by actually wearing it, and so I say to you send me 1s. only, and I will send you the Belt by return of post.

CALL AND SEE ME.

I am here ready and willing to show you my Belt, and to demonstrate its Magnetic powers to you. If you cannot call then write to me. Remember that my Magneto Belt is Nature's remedy for Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Nervous troubles, Mind-Wandering, Loss of Will-Power, Involuntary Blushing, and scores of Similar Ailments, and I place it in your hands to test for yourself on seven days' trial for the trifling outlay of 1s. Does not this show that I have faith in what my Belt can do for you?

"NEW LIFE" COUPON.

POST
TO-DAY.

To Mr. AMBROSE WILSON,
19, Vulcan House,

56, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.
Simply write your FULL name and address on a piece of paper, fill in your waist measurement, pin coupon to paper, and post it to me at once.

Please send me a "Magneto Belt" on approval. I enclose 1s., and if I do not return Belt within seven days, I will pay you the balance of 4s., either in one sum or by weekly instalments of 1s.

Size of Waist inches.
NOTE.—Foreign and Colonial Orders must be accompanied by the full amount and 1s. extra to pay postage.